

# The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

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## CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Conductor and his Fore-runners. III.—The Evolution of Ecclesiastical Rhythm. By William Wallace	757
Enthusiasm in Practice. By Edwin Evans	759
Some Czechoslovak Choral Works. II.—Vycpálek's Cantata of the 'Four last things,' Op. 16. By Rosa Newmarch	762
Ad Libitum. By 'Feste'	764
Rheinberger's Organ Sonatas. By Harvey Grace	768
The Musical Association: A Brief Survey of its History. By J. Percy Baker	772
Impressions of the 'Proms.' By Thomas Armstrong	774
The Russian Ballet—and after. By M.-D. Calvocoressi	775
Occasional Notes	776
The Musician's Bookshelf	778
Music in the Foreign Press. By M.-D. Calvocoressi	784
Gramophone Notes. By 'Discus'	785
Church and Organ Music	786
The Amateurs' Exchange	788
Letters to the Editor	789
Sharps and Flats	791
Royal Academy of Music	791
Royal College of Music	791
Trinity College of Music	792
The Coming Season	792
London Concerts	793
Blackpool Festival	795
Brass Bands at the Crystal Palace	796
Halifax Madrigal Society	797
Competition Festival Record	797
Music in the Provinces	798
Music in Ireland	800
Musical Notes from Abroad	800
Obituary	803
Miscellaneous	803

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## THE CONDUCTOR AND HIS FORE-RUNNERS

BY WILLIAM WALLACE

### III.—THE EVOLUTION OF ECCLESIASTICAL RHYTHMS

The desultory performances of Church music, which roused to scorn the early writers, were to persist for many a century. It is not difficult to understand why they were often so deplorable that references to good singing are far to seek.

Popular songs in metre must have existed, passed on by word of mouth, insinuating themselves into the music of ritual. Hence we constantly have comments like this:

We have seen how wary and circumspect the holy Fathers were in expunging from all Christian music that which smacked of meretriciousness.\*

We have it, indeed, that a certain 'Patriarch' was heavily censured for introducing secular songs (*cantica secularia*) into the Church.

John of Salisbury—he died about 1180—is by no means reticent when he reprimands a kind of singing with which he must have been familiar. He says:

When you listen to the degenerate tones of people creaking and croaking, snarling and howling, roaring and yauping, you would believe them to be a chorus of sirens; you would not be amazed at the fluency of men or of voices, with whom no nightingale or parrot or anything more melodious can compete.†

Nowadays we would gladly exchange the parrot (of the Zoo) for the siren of Homeric tradition. Much of his onslaught—like a considerable amount of this most voluminous writer—is scarcely for the general reader, and it is not surprising to find him, like Boetius, as we have seen, having a slash at the Phrygian mode—'Phrygius modus et caetera corruptionis lenocinia' (once more), and again, where he says it has slipped down into loose-living and degeneration (Migne, *loc. cit.*). Let that suffice.

But there is another side to the picture. Gerbert, in quoting from an eleventh century *Codex*, says:

In the midst of this barbarous and confused vision of ecclesiastical singing, the writer of the *Codex* describes, among other matters, 'χερονομία,' which elsewhere, particularly with the Greeks, we know controlled the singing by definite hand-movements.

He speaks of the magister entering the choir with a pastoral staff in his left hand to preserve discipline. Then he raises his right hand to mark the measure, and by this show to keep all together. And again, the master, who is called *cheronomica* (*sic*), holding in his left hand

\* Vidimus quam cauti et circumspecti fuerint sancti Patres in eliminandis ab omni christiana musica huiusmodi lenociniis. (The last word, a favourite one with these writers, need not be taken literally.) (Gerb. *Cant. i.*, p. 245.)

† The translation of this 12th century Latin has to be somewhat free: 'Cum praecinientium, et succinentium, canentium et decinentium, intercinientium et occinentium, praemolles modulationes audieris, sirenarum concentus credas esse, non hominum et de vocum facilitate miraberis, quibus philomena vel psittacus, aut si quid sonorius est, modos suos nequeunt coaequare. (Migne, vol. 199, col. 402.)

the staff of a bishop or abbot by way of authority, and raising his right hand for all to see, demonstrates the neumes by means of his hand.\*

There was much need for somebody to mark the time when a neume ran to twenty or many more notes to one syllable. The final *a* of the word 'Alleluia' had a long series of notes, and one writer aptly remarked that 'the word is not long in itself, but immense in the neume.' We are told, indeed (Gerb. *Cant.* i., p. 408), that the Greeks filled whole pages with one 'alleluia,' and even as late as the latter part of the 17th century (1673), Isaac Vossius ridiculed the absurd practice of singing to one syllable a long-drawn-out passage during which two or three hexameter lines could be recited with ease.

A modern author† says:

These vocalises, which had the picturesque name of *sequela* or *sequentia*, that is, the ceremonial ending (*le cortège ou la queue*) of the Alleluia, had become difficult of execution. If only one had had the idea of attaching words to these interminable neumes, the memory of the singers would have been happily aided, and perhaps they would have been able to remember these long and clumsy melodies. But no word was allowed except the last vowel of the word Alleluia. It was too little.

Gautier continues (p. 285):

Outside Metz and St. Gall, these homes of liturgical and musical science, the shapeless and corrupt vocalises of the Alleluia remained beyond the reach of the majority of singers. It appears that even at St. Gall they had been made more difficult by adding to their learning and their length, and the best pupils of the Roman school would say to themselves in despair, 'The very long melodies, often to be committed to memory, take flight from my wavering little heart.' It was the cry of helplessness.

The quotation is from the Preface to his Book of Sequences by Notker, a monk of the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland (he died in 912), who was to modify if not to reform this practice. He describes how he came to have a hand in it:

While I was still a lad, and the very long melodies, often to be committed to memory, took flight from my wavering little heart, I began to turn over silently in my mind how I could compress them. Meanwhile a certain novice . . . came to us, bringing his own Antiphonary, in which some verses had been fitted to the sequences [Alleluia] without in the least degree tampering with them. Although the sight of them was delightful, I was embittered by their flavour. However, I began to write and imitate them. . . . When I showed them to my master, Ysonus, he congratulated me on my zeal, and in pity for my awkwardness praised those that pleased him, correcting the less good, and saying, 'The single notes of a phrase should have single words.'

\* Ex una parte chori tres clerici in ecclesia et tres de alia: et magister per medium . . . sinistra manu pastorem virgam propter disciplinam tenens, ut omnes obsecrant. Proinde dextra manu elevata metri, atque componere ostensionibus omnibus demonstrat, ut insinuat aspiciantur ad manum, ut sicut metiendo praenotatur cantus omnes quasi una voce concorditer cantum componat. And further, Unus magister stat . . . qui dicitur cheronomica (*χερονομικός*) sinistra manu baculum episcopi vel abbati tenens, quasi potestate ab eo accepta dextra manu sursum tenens, ut omnes ibi aspiciant, et ille per studium artium neumarum casibus demonstrat. . . . Ita facta est (neumal) quem [?] quam cum manibus demonstrat. (Gerb. *Cant.* i., pp. 320-21, n.)

† L. Gautier: (*Œuvres poétiques d'Adam de Saint-Victor* (3rd ed. Paris, 1894, p. 282).

He goes on to tell how he showed his verses to another master, who was filled with joy and entered his name on his list (? of pupils).\*

In the Preface—really the dedication to a high ecclesiastic—he speaks of his collection of Sequences as 'an insignificant and most vile little book' ('hunc minimum vilissimumque codicellum').

This quotation sums up the genesis of the matter. The Sequence strictly speaking was a musical term, and meant the notes; the added text was called the Prose, and was invented as a *memoria technica* to help the singer to remember the notes.

The first step was to find a line or verse which had the same number of syllables as the vocal phrase had notes. If there were twenty (or twenty-seven) notes in the phrase, the verse had to have twenty (or twenty-seven) syllables. Then a second verse was added, so that each line of the couplet was sung to the same neume. In this way a rough and ready—but highly artificial—text was compiled. Each note being equal to the others, there could not have been any accent beyond the conventional pronunciation of Latin, and that no doubt was as bad as it could be. The elisions of classical verse were not recognised, such as *m* endings or final vowels before an initial vowel or *h*, as we find in:

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors  
et crass[um] unguent[um] et sardo cum melle papaver  
offendunt, poterat duci quia coena sin[e] istis.†

Or, as one would say in these times: 'At a pleasant meal, dishes that are tainted, and jazz bands, are downright offensive. Surely we should be able to dine without them.' What would he have said to our dining in din?

But the attempts to fit words to a long string of notes could be overdone:

While in course of time melody and song extended their realm, it was easy to go too far either way, for whether rough and slipshod, or over-pranked and bedizened, it defiled the majesty of divine labour.‡

Besides there were composers who preferred to write in the old style rather than attempt new-fangled and barbarous experiments ('barbara aut in experta melodia'). Let us see what was going on. First there was the neume, existing by itself without words. Then words were added to fit the music. Then long periods of notes were abbreviated to a short rhythmic line, and music was composed to suit the words. Thus what may be called the *primum mobile* became the *alterum*.

Notker's naive admission of his inability to remember a vocal phrase without words to help him is singular in the light of modern experience, for we are told on high authority§ that musical

\* Migne, *Patrolog. Lat.*, vol. cxxxi., col. 1003.

† Hor., *Ars poetica*, l. 374.

‡ Dum successu temporis amplior modulatio cantilatioque adhibita est, facile excessus in utramque partem contingit, dum aut horrida ac incomposita, aut nimis comita et fucata maiestatem divini operis foedavit. (Gerb. *Cant.* i., 244.) No translation can render the subtlety of the double meaning in *horrida* contrasted with *comita*, and *incomposita* with *fucata*.

§ F. W. Mott, *War Neuroses and Shell-Shock*. Lond., 1919.

memory returns sooner in amnesia (absence of memory) than other associative memories, and instances are not unknown of singers forgetting their words while they remembered the tune. We know, besides, from practical observation that the infant sings before it speaks.

But long before Notker's day there were hymns consisting of short lines, written in metre. The Ambrosian hymns of about the second half of the 4th century show this.\* These indicate a desire for rhythmical expression, and possibly a reaction against the license of popular songs. To the second half of the 6th century belong the well-known 'Pange lingua,' 'Vexilla Regis,' and 'Veni, Creator.' A hundred years later came 'Ut queant laxis resonare fibris,' of Paulus Diaconus, not by Guido d'Arezzo, who equally well might have taken the first syllables of the lines of the second stanza, *Nu, Ve, Te, Fo, No, Se, O*, though more clumsy. From the large number of these hymns which have been collected, and particularly from the variety of their 'readings,' it is reasonable to conclude that their use was widespread and not confined to a specially privileged section of the community. What we have no means of knowing is just how far the music of the people crept inside the church doors.

It would not have been in human nature to remain silent, and rhythm, passed on by oral tradition, brought with it associated muscular movements. We may be sure that there were plenty of self-assertive individuals with good voices who took it upon themselves to lead.

Quoting from Wilhelm of Hirschau (in Bavaria) Gerbert says† :

For the sign of the Prose, which sometimes is known as the Sequence, raise the hand in a bent position . . .

but we are not sure if this was a definite beat or merely a hand-signal to begin. Whichever it was, the practice need not have been solely ecclesiastic.

In Notker's Proses there were not rhymes, and only occasional, probably accidental, assonances (syllables having the same vowel-endings, but not vowel-plus consonant-endings). He had a stricter task to fit the neumes, syllable for note, without regard for rhyme. But when rhyme came in, the problem was to rhyme short lines and to make sense as well. If the prosody of classical verse stood in the way, it was ignored. The longer line, as in 'Dies Irae,' was easier, but with the richness of similar word-endings and an inexhaustible choice, it was not difficult to construct a line which grew shorter and shorter till it consisted of one word only.‡ In fact it became what one may be allowed to call a jingle.

Parody of the various rhythms was infectious, hence 'Verbum bonum et suave' suggested 'Vinum bonum et suave,' and then the hybrid

'Een verbum bonum und suave,'\* and there is the sturdy song, *Meum est propositum in taberna mori*,† about the authorship of which there has been much controversy. Gladstone's rhyming couplets in his Latin version of *Rock of Ages* caught the spirit of the old hymns both in their substance and in their not impeccable texture.

The practical application of any triple musical rhythm to the metrical hymns violated notions of classical prosody, and the expedient of making all the syllables equal softened, at least to ears attuned to Mantuan strains, the harshness of *dies* (an iamb) when sung as a spondee, or *dolorosa* (short-short-long-short) sung as four long syllables, whereas the  $3/2$  time, to us, at least, would have made the sentiment cheap. Of the very few poems that can carry the  $3/2$  time without a jar is the wistful little 'O Domine Deus speravi in Te,' ascribed to Mary Queen of Scots.‡ This, in  $2/2$  time, would be like a revivalist rant.

Although the function of the conductor, in our sense of the word, has been implied in the foregoing, rather than defined, the brief summary will show that the need for some kind of leadership was imperative. Reading between the lines, we gather that the efforts of the Commentators, in the first instance, were directed towards the correct reading of the scanty musical signs which indicated the melodic line. The thin quaver of a worn-out voice, remote and out of tune, was not to be as it were the 'cue' for a rabble of sounds that followed, without order or cohesion. Authority and discipline were essential, not in musical affairs only, and if the edicts of the Church are to be credited, many must have been the strange doings in these dark times. It was from the anxious labours of men who are but names and shadows that the insistent demand for organized rhythm arose, which with the centuries was to regulate and consolidate the foundations of the Art.

(To be continued.)

## ENTHUSIASM IN PRACTICE

BY EDWIN EVANS

Truly the way of the enthusiast is hard! If he lets himself go he will be excommunicated from the brotherhood of critics by Mr. Ernest Newman, on the ground that he is a mere propagandist, or, what is worse, a press-agent. If he moderates his voice on occasion he will be taunted by Mr. H. A. Scott with lack of zeal. Should he appear to praise too consistently the works of a composer in whose claims he happens to believe, he will be told, quite rightly, that he must discriminate. The former course is permissible only in the case of composers who are dead, and great enough to need no such indulgence, such as Beethoven or Brahms. Did I

\* See F. A. March, *Latin Hymns, with English notes* (with Daniel's, Mone's, Trench's, and other collections for his sources). New York, 1883.

† Gerb. *Cant.* i., p. 417.

‡ Imperatrix | supernorum, | superatrix | infernorum, | eligenda | via caeli, | retinenda | spe fideli, &c. By Adam St-Victor; quoted by L. Gautier, p. 259.

\* J. M. Neale, *Sequentiae ex Missalibus*, Lond., 1852, p. xxxi.

† T. Wright, *Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes*, Lond., 1841, p. xlv. Set by Pearsall, No. 318, Novello's Part-Song Book, second series, to a text beginning 'Mihl est propositum.' See Du Méril, *Poésies populaires Latines du Moyen Age*, Paris, 1847, p. 205.

‡ Marsh, *Gladstone*, p. 213; *Mary Stuart*, p. 210.

say permissible? The word is too weak. Did not even the Editor of this journal, who is surely no iconoclast, once get into hot water for having his own opinion about the *Emperor* Concerto? But should our enthusiast use discrimination, and reserve his robuster adjectives for works to which they are applicable, then his treatment of other works will be construed as 'giving away' his case on behalf of those which have aroused his enthusiasm. What is the poor man to do?

The dilemma, arising as it does out of the eternal contest between the old and the new, between conservatism and liberalism, is not new, but merely recurrent. It is founded upon the fallacy that lurks in the word 'modern.' There is no such distinction as is supposed to exist between 'classics' and 'moderns.' The classics are merely moderns to whom we have had time to become accustomed. This has been said many times. It will bear repeating.

There is, however, one important difference, not in the music itself, but in the conditions under which we hear it. As 'classics' we hear the result of a gradual sifting by time—a sifting the later stages of which time alone can accomplish, though the process begins at the point where the work is subjected to contemporary criticism. Whatever its claims, even the most intelligent contemporary criticism rarely accomplishes more than a first rough classification. It can of course eliminate what is hopelessly incompetent. It can weed out all that is mere repetition of the past, or exploitation of formulas which it already discerns to be obsolete, either through wear or through inadequacy to the expanding purposes of music. What remains at this stage will always be many times the amount that will eventually be retained by later generations.

At all times in musical history there has been a body of opinion which was ready to welcome the music regarded at the time as 'new' or 'modern,' and another body of opinion which, while professing to exercise careful judgment, was temperamentally unable to share in such adventures. This latter body, because its favourable verdict was given to fewer works answering this description, is always tempted to plume itself upon forestalling the sifting process. It does nothing of the kind. In selecting the classics of the future, time obviously does not endorse all the praise bestowed by the enthusiasts, for the sifting process must be continued. But it selects from their candidates, and rarely, if ever, from those most favoured by the conservatives. Instances abound throughout musical history. If the recent past furnishes great names which would appear to be exceptions, it is only because the process of selection has not yet gone far; but even in such instances the effulgence is already perceptibly fading.

It comes to this, that while the enthusiasts may acclaim many more heroes than can possibly find a permanent home in Valhalla, that enviable retreat is populated with those who were either

damned outright or severely castigated by their conservative contemporaries, who professed to exercise a more careful judgment. All classics were adventures in their day. If, therefore, enthusiasts remind conservatives of the 'comic copy' bequeathed by the Chorleys of the past, it is no answer to retort that it does not prove all their heroes to be as great as the Schumanns and Chopins whom the Chorleys attacked, for they make no such claim, well knowing that the sifting process has to go on. But they are amply supplied with precedent suggesting that the Schumanns and Chopins of the future will be among those of whom the Chorleys of to-day disapprove.

Nor is it any answer to point to those who consistently give their enthusiasm to the new merely because it is new, for the corresponding lack of discrimination occurs more frequently in the other camp. Does anybody believe that those who swallow the classics whole, and consider as sacrosanct every line Beethoven wrote, would have had the initiative to raise even Beethoven to his niche, had he not been already there when they arrived upon the scene? Time discriminated for them, and they take the credit for it. But every time they reprove Mr. Harvey Grace or Mr. Percy Scholes for exercising their own judgment in respect of a work by Beethoven or Brahms they are expressly disqualifying themselves from expressing any critical opinion whatever. They are proving that they can have no part in the sifting process, and what is true of the old is true of the new.

Something of this clings to the whole body of conservative opinion, which seems just as averse from adventure among classics as among moderns. The present age is witnessing a kind of overhauling of our musical inheritance, which is bringing to light many forgotten masterpieces and revealing some previously neglected masters. To whom do we owe this? Trace to its source every revival of interest in Purcell, in Scarlatti, in the Tudor classics, and it is long odds you will find a 'modern' behind it. Even Mozart and Bach owe, in this generation, far more to the discrimination of the 'moderns' than to traditional reverence.

But for the purpose of this article it is enough to say that the indiscriminate acceptance of either the old or the new may be regarded as outside its scope. We are concerned, not with dogmatic, but with critical enthusiasm. And, since my name has been mentioned, I am tempted to examine my own critical practice in its relation to the enthusiasm which I still feel, despite an arduous career spent in listening to music.

Mr. Scott's quotations are not very relevant. If he cannot realise that at Salzburg in August, at the close of an exacting concert which was prolonged beyond normal limits, even the greatest music would not induce him to remain to make the unpleasant noise called applause, rather than seek fresh air and refreshment, he must be less human than I. The other passages are, in the main, mere proof that I discriminate, though

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Mr. Newman says I do not. That concerning Stravinsky's *Concertino* seems to err on the side of brevity, which is not surprising when thirty-five works had to be reviewed, but if I failed to convey enthusiasm I must have expressed myself badly in the article to which Mr. Scott refers. There is no lack of enthusiasm in the report which appeared in the *Musical Times* for September, where I described the work as 'a brilliant piece of absolute music,' and add that it is much less controversial than certain other of Stravinsky's works of this period. Surely this is discrimination, not waning enthusiasm. Moreover, Mr. Scott himself declares that my 'pro-modernist sympathies need no dwelling on,' and thereupon proceeds to argue that I have none. Surely it would be better logic if I turned the process upon him: his progressive sympathies do not need dwelling on, for he has none. 'Yes, he has none.'

The problem of enthusiasm in practice is largely one of motives. One would not imagine, for instance, that any competent writer turned to so unremunerative a branch of his profession as musical criticism, as a means of making money. Those who become musical critics mostly do so either because they possess some degree of enthusiasm for music, or because, whether competent or not to write upon that subject, they are incompetent to write upon any other, or because, having made an unwise choice, in early life, they find it difficult to turn back. *A plus forte raison* is a musical critic unlikely, in search of gain, to espouse a cause which inevitably arouses hostility.\* His proper course is the ever popular one of flattering the indolence of the majority by assuring it that 'it has nothing to gain from the spirit of adventure. Obviously the motive cannot be material advantage.

Much the same argument applies to fame as a motive. It is more easily acquired by the adroit supporter of fashionable views—that is to say, him who can produce learned argument for being orthodox. A more insidious suggestion was made by Mr. Newman, I believe, when he spoke of the fascinating game of 'spotting winners.' I cannot, however, imagine any genuine enthusiast falling a victim to it. For my part, I find it reassuring to my judgment, rather than flattering to my vanity, that several of my enthusiasms of fifteen or twenty years ago are now common property, and that some of my most contested opinions have found their way to the inkpots of even my opponents.

In the end one is driven to the conclusion that the 'pro-modernist' is in the first place an enthusiast for music, which implies that the outlet for his zeal is one which he believes to be of service to music. In the second place he is actuated by the natural instinct of the enthusiast, which is to communicate his enthusiasm to others. This applies to the lay music-lover who discusses music orally as much as to the critic who writes about it. But since we are concerned only with

the latter, we will say that such a critic is convinced, in general, that it is to the advantage of music that the infusion of new ideas should be encouraged—or, at least, not discouraged either by apathy or actual hostility; and, in particular, that music would be the poorer by neglect of such individual composers as have aroused his enthusiasm. He is therefore alert for the appearance of the new, ready to examine it, and to champion it if he finds it good.

This being his purpose, he must, unless he be a mere dreamer, consider how to achieve it. Mr. Scott chafed me for suggesting that Mr. Walton, when writing his *Quartet*, had forgotten the eventual presence of an audience. He must not think that a practical enthusiast allows himself to fall into a like error. The latter must remember the psychology of his audience of readers, and devote himself not merely to self-expression, but to achieving his purpose, which is to impregnate those readers, so far as possible, with his own enthusiasm. It is, for instance, useless for him to be restrained at a moment when restraint is likely to be ineffective.

Perhaps one might formulate a set of practical rules for enthusiasts:

1. Never let enthusiasm precede knowledge. Leave hasty judgment to your opponents, who will always be ready to condemn on less intimate knowledge than you must have to justify your praise.
2. When knowledge has justified your enthusiasm, have the courage of your opinion, and a little more. At this stage you cannot be moderate. In the din of the modern world an opinion moderately stated passes practically unnoticed, and you aim at being a *practical* enthusiast.
3. The same knowledge will, of course, extend to weaknesses, for there is no perfect art in the world. But if you discuss these in the same breath, and with the zest of your initial burst of enthusiasm, you will frustrate the latter. The first enemy to be overcome is apathy, and apathy never yet yielded to praise qualified with a string of reservations. Besides, if the music is good, as you believe it is, its goodness is of greater importance than its possible flaws. There is ample time to discuss these as the music becomes more widely familiar. Then they are of public interest. Who cares about flaws in a work which is scarcely known, if at all?
4. If the composer who has aroused your enthusiasm subsequently disappoints you, tread warily. If you can satisfy yourself that he is failing to justify the promise of the works which first attracted you, say so at once without equivocation. It will be no slur on your judgment, for many start well but few stay the course. But if a composer with a number of works to his

\* Modern music, whatever its value may be, seems to have an extraordinary power of exciting hatred.—Edward J. Dent, in the *Nation and Athenaeum*, July 28, 1923.

credit, each an advance upon its predecessor, subsequently produces others which give you little pleasure at first, temporise, for it is, to say the least, as likely that your receptivity is lagging behind as that his gifts are deserting him. To do so involves no compromise with your conscience, for it is a valuable privilege of your enthusiasm to hold the ring while new ideas are fighting their way from the experimental to the convincing stage. Where there is a genuine doubt, such a composer is entitled to the benefit of it.

5. The best way of temporising is to pass provisionally from criticism to exegesis. Instead of delivering a verdict, state a case. Defer asserting whether the music is good or bad until you have solved all its mysteries. Meanwhile explain as well as you can the composer's intentions and methods, and leave others to judge, as no doubt they will. Thus you will eventually harm neither the composer's reputation nor your own. Few people, especially in England, read with such concentration as to be sharply conscious of the line between analysis and appreciation, and even the most intelligent of your opponents may continue to dub you a propagandist, but you will have the satisfaction of a clear conscience.
6. Do not harbour a doubt longer than you can help. It is the most indigestible thing in the world. Do not delude yourself into thinking you can ignore its presence. That is worse.
7. The only means of removing doubt is closer and more intimate knowledge. Let your opponents decide their own doubts, if they ever have any, in their own favour. Thus you will retain a moral advantage, which it is wiser not to force, but which will be a comfort to you.

### SOME CZECHOSLOVAK CHORAL WORKS

BY ROSA NEWMARCH

#### II.—VYCPÁLEK'S CANTATA OF THE 'FOUR LAST THINGS,' OP. 16

(Continued from March number, page 174)

Two cantatas by composers of contrasting musical temperaments and methods have recently excited great interest in Czechoslovakia: Ladislav Vycpálek's *Cantata of the Four Last Things of Man*, and Jaroslav Křička's *Temptation in the Wilderness*. As I hope shortly to hear a performance of the second work in the land of its origin, I shall defer my notice of it for a future occasion.

Vycpálek was born at Vrsovice, near Prague, in 1882. He was educated in that city, took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and now occupies

the post of librarian to the University. His published works number only sixteen—a small output for a man who has passed his fortieth year; but his genius is less copious than that of the majority of Slavonic composers, it is perhaps of a tougher and more lasting fibre. Also it must be taken into consideration that the war was an even greater hindrance to artistic activity in the central European countries than with us in England.

Vycpálek's first opus, a set of four songs, *Ticha Usmireni* ('Calm reconciliation'), showed a thoughtful and individual tendency. A distinctive personality striving from the very beginning to follow its own artistic dictates is clearly revealed. Admitting that even in later compositions, such as the interesting song cycle *Tuchy Vidiny* ('Visions'), Op. 5, we sometimes find traces of the school in which he studied—for here and in his *Piano Pieces*, Op. 9, Novák's influence crops up occasionally—in the works that follow (small in compass but covering a wide range of psychological experience) Vycpálek steadily builds up the central principles of his art. The most notable of the compositions published between 1916 and 1922 are the settings of the Russian poet Valery Brusov's *V Boží Dlaně* ('In God's Hand'), Op. 14; the choruses, inspired by the stirring days through which his country was passing six years ago, *On Springtide* ('Nase Jaro'), Op. 15, 1, and *Božské Nynejsi* ('The Conflict of To-day'), Op. 15, 2 (the first for mixed chorus, the second for male voices only); the Five Moravian Ballads, for voice and pianoforte, Op. 12, dedicated to Emil Burian; and the collection of Ten Moravian Folk-songs, Op. 13 (1915), in which he gives a touching picture of the soldier's fate by means of a happy choice of texts culled from the folk poetry and framed in very individual musical settings.

He brought, then, to his latest and most important composition settled convictions, a profound sympathy with aspiring and suffering humanity, and a severe critical attitude towards himself, which justifies to some extent his impatience with those whose views of art are less serious than his own:

Vycpálek [says his contemporary Ota Zitek] does not belong to that class of artists whose mission it is to reveal themselves and their subjective relations to the phenomena of life. He has never been interested in his own emotions or intellectual phases, but from the first he strove to penetrate the mystical texture of things. . . . He divined that everything around us is but symbolic . . . and the recognition of the inseparability of symbol and thought, of the impermanence of the symbol and the reality of the idea, was the first step in his philosophy. Thus he escaped from the beginning the superficial attractions of impressionistic methods; for each deeper perception brought him nearer to the mystical idea of things, and their mutual inter-relationship. Early in his career he determined the chief basis of his art—truth.

We must understand, therefore, that in Vycpálek's music the chief values are purely spiritual, and that his art eschews the sensuous and merely enjoyable qualities and makes no compromise with the popular taste. But though it is veined by streaks of austerity and asceticism, the

substance of his music does not lack passion and vitality. It is, however, the passion of the mystic rather than of the materialist. This outlook upon his art has led him to seek an equivalent idiom for its expression, since it does not bend easily to the yoke of ready-made forms and fluent phrases. The essence of Vycpálek's style is polyphony. We find it not merely in his choral works, but in his pianoforte pieces and in his songs—an extreme instance being *Mír* ('Peace'), one of the cycle entitled *Visions*, Op. 5, in which the voice is treated merely as one part in a fugue. He builds on short, concentrated motives, a method which leads at times to excessive repetition, and uses the simple and clear cut rhythms which best serve the polyphonic texture of his music. His rigorous and logical adherence to contrapuntal writing sometimes involves him in a certain harmonic harshness, where the parts move at the bidding of his will, directly and consistently, but without regard to accepted principles. There is however nothing in the sincere, vehement, and rugged art of Vycpálek to arouse the least suspicion that its peculiarities arise from a desire to perturb the simple-minded, or from negligence. His music is sound, in that all its indications of eccentricity have at the back of them some cogent reason for their existence. His work and method of expression reflect himself. Colour is a secondary consideration. Characteristically he turns from orchestral opulence and glitter. It is by its direct emotion and depth of spiritual experience that Vycpálek's music makes its first appeal: and to those impatient of an art which is inseparable from a serious ethical relation to life, it will probably fail to make any appeal at all.

The breadth of Vycpálek's human and political sympathies brought him into touch with the national spirit, which he assimilates not with the superficial idea of spinning thematic material out of the folk melodies, but because in the poetry of the people he finds the most varied aspects of the inner life: an intimate reflection of the order of things most precious to him: sincerity, homeliness, love, suffering—and the sole remedy for human suffering—faith.

Therefore it is quite natural that his perception of life having matured in social love and religion, his first work on a large scale should take the form of a devout cantata. In Vycpálek's case, the operatic traditions of the Czechs have apparently no roots.

Vycpálek tells us that he came upon the poetic basis of the cantata in 1915, while making a selection of Moravian folk-songs for his two cycles, *Moravian Ballads*, Op. 12, and *War*, Op. 13. These particular poems, which are probably survivals from Gothic mediævalism with their cadaverous Holbeinesque imagery, made a deep impression upon the composer, who did not, however, judge the moment suitable for such a composition. It was not until December, 1920, that he set to work upon the task without any pre-arranged programme:

I must say [he writes] that it did not seem to chime with the hour. In the year which saw the birth of our State I was writing of Death and the Four Last Things. And yet, when later I came to reflect upon it, I saw that the work was directly evoked by the times, and that I could not then have written anything different. In that year all the seeds of war were still putting out strong growths: the greed of humanity for money, the inconsiderate impatience for the fulfilment of individual interests; all the brutal materialism born of war, still threatened to smother everything higher and less aggressive. The cantata originated like a secret thing, but came forth as a glowing and poignant protest against materialism. It is meant to give a glimpse of death and its nothingness, and to emphasise only the spiritual side of man.

The cantata is a continuous work which falls, however, into three sections, described by the composer as the Triumph of Materialism, the Triumph of Death, and the Triumph of Faith. It opens with an orchestral prelude in which we discern the alternations of hope and despair which agitate the dying man. The first section consists of three numbers for mixed chorus, alternating with solos for soprano and baritone. The first chorus is based on a popular adage showing the cynically fatalistic attitude to death of those on whom the shadow has not yet fallen:

Who on a Friday takes to bed,  
None can ever cure again.

Then the soprano, voicing a more spiritual outlook, interpolates:

Unless it be the Lord's good will,  
Whose power is infinite.

The second chorus (*Allegretto, quasi scherzando*) is touched with grim humour, describing the visits of merely curious friends who gaze on the sick man and go away, being impotent to help him. In the third choral number (*Moderato assai, grave*) a solemn funeral procession mingles with the wrangling of the relatives over the disposition of the dead man's worldly goods:

You get too much, and I too little, &c.

And on this harsh note of materialism the first section closes.

After a short orchestral interlude (*Largo lagrimando*) which expresses the inner experiences of the dying man as he lies listening for the footsteps of Death, a baritone solo asks the despairing question:

What shall be my portion in death?

And the chorus answers in the words of the old folk-song:

A white shroud,  
A plank of pinewood, &c.

Death comes at first very gently, as the messenger of God, almost supplicating to be let in. But the sufferer's resistance arouses his importunity: 'Thy bolts and bars are naught to me,' cries the King of Shadows. Finally Death breaks through the puny barriers, and in a wild dance carries off his victim in triumph.

A quiet transition leads from this despairing and hopeless conflict to the final victory of faith. A

brief orchestral interlude is followed by a kind of funeral march sung to the words:

And as they came to the lych-gate,  
Body and soul together strove.

This, the most profoundly moving portion of the work, has for its literary basis a very simple old folk-song, treated as a duet for soprano and baritone:

Body, O body what hast thou done,  
That cared not for the soul?  
Now suffer, suffer Soul with me,  
For what we did, we did together.  
If what I did, with thee was done,  
It is because thou held'st me fast  
As birch-bark binds the tree.  
Reproach me not, O soul,  
Who wert with me from hour to hour.  
If every hour I was with thee,  
'Twas that my will was never free.  
And now that we divided be,  
I find my way to God.

These few lines express the eternal conflict between flesh and spirit. Even as the body is being laid to rest, the essential spirit escapes, rejoicing, and makes for its own atmosphere.

The work concludes with a fine chorus:

See what is man?  
A flower of the field.

The note of humility soon gives place to a song of victory:

Though raised from the dust,  
Vet created in thine image, Lord,  
Therefore let me see salvation!

In a grand and confident climax we are assured that the Last Thing is also the best.

As regards musical analysis it is only necessary to point out that the work is based on two leading themes: the motive of Death:

Ex. 1.



and the theme of the Soul:

Ex. 2.



which is one of the contrapuntal motives most frequently used in conjunction with Ex. 1. It appears in the musical texture whenever the Soul expresses hope or despair. Otherwise the Death theme is the keystone of the whole structure.

The composer says:

Because the poem deals with an eternal truth, I have used for the most part an imperishable musical form—'récit'. Apart from this, the Cantata is essentially simple; it does not deal with intellectual subtleties, but with artistic truths. I wrote it out of love to my fellow-creatures: purely for human reasons, without any idea of its production or a future public.

In many respects this work stands outside the main current, lyric and dramatic, of contemporary Czech music. Its originality, simplicity, and seriousness of purpose, and the interior piety

which it reflects, seems to affiliate it to the 15th century and the spirit which inspired the Unity of the Bohemian Brethren. Only in its insistence on the ultimate equality of all humanity and the futility of all values but those of the spirit, it is manifestly in keeping with the democratic ideals of the new social order in Bohemia.

## Ad Libitum

BY 'FESTE'

### 'HEARING WITH THE EYE'

The mere reading of music . . . is more than a necessity; it is a keen pleasure, and, for me, a keener pleasure, in nine cases out of ten, than that of concert-going.

Ernest Newman.

It is fortunate for concert-givers that few people have anything like Mr. Newman's skill at hearing music with the eye, and that of those few probably not one prefers it to physical hearing. I say 'not one' advisedly. A few years ago I should have said 'only one,' that one being the late Baron Rothschild, who was well known to be an enthusiastic musician who enjoyed the art through the eye alone. A full score, silence, and an arm chair, and there was concert-room and paradise in a row.

Of course, everybody calling himself a musician ought to be more or less independent of the ear. As Schumann (was it?) said, he ought to be able to hear with the eye. I fancy Robert went on to demand the corresponding gift of seeing with the ear—that is, the visualising of the printed page as the notes reach the ear. A fascinating game, this, try your hand at it when next you go to a concert and hear something entirely new. But I don't think Schumann dreamt of mental hearing as a substitute for physical. He merely regarded it as a test of musicianship, as an aid to the study of memorising of a work away from the instrument, or as a means of forming a judgment on a new work before writing a review of it. Every musical journalist whose work includes reviewing has to be prepared to express an opinion of new music without actually hearing it, though I dare say most of us conscientiously make use of the pianoforte in all but the simplest of cases. But even the keyboard is of little use in the case of extremely difficult music which cannot fairly be judged unless it is played clearly and up to speed. Casting my mind back to some fearsome examples that have lately come my way, such as the Ives Sonata (about which I *ad libitum*ed recently), the terrifying Sorabji pieces, &c., I find myself raising my eyebrows on reading Mr. Newman's dictum that any man who 'cannot read with perfect understanding the score of any song, any pianoforte piece, any violin piece, any quartet, any madrigal or part-song, or of the vocal score of any opera' is 'a poor musician'. If Mr. Newman had said with fair understanding, 'and had inserted 'average' or 'ordinary' after 'any,' I should have agreed with him. As it is, I can only say that if



Mr. Newman is right, a large number of acquaintances whom I had hitherto regarded as first-rate musicians are after all merely poor ones.

Mr. Newman is right in his insistence on the importance of music-reading, not only for the student, but also for the average music-lover. But surely he is arguing from a false analogy when he says:

It is as ridiculous for him [the average music-lover] to be dependent on other people for his music as it would be for him to be dependent upon public readers for his knowledge of poetry or fiction. He would be ashamed of himself if he could not read Swinburne or Hardy for himself: he apparently feels no shame in the illiteracy that renders him unable to read Sibelius or Mahler for himself.

But the poet and novelist wrote to be read, whereas the composer wrote to be performed. The poem and novel are complete when once committed to paper, whereas the music has no real existence until it is expressed in terms of sound. I can imagine no greater blow to the art than a widespread epidemic of Mr. Newman's preference for reading, instead of hearing, nine works out of every ten. Composers of to-day already put a great deal into the score that fails to 'come off' in performance. Heaven knows, they need no encouragement so far as writing for the eye is concerned. If ninety per cent. of modern works were put through the test of performance before being printed, tons of paper and hogsheads of printer's ink would be saved. (A coincidence: breaking off at this point, and taking up a recent issue of the *Musical Courier*, the first thing that meets my eye is a paragraph stating that during his recent visit to Europe, Mr. Percy Grainger 'held extensive orchestral and chamber rehearsals of some of the most daring and experimental of his larger compositions in order to test the exact æsthetic results before submitting them to the engravers.')

I cannot but feel that Mr. Newman is inclined to exaggerate the pleasure of score-reading. To place it anywhere near the pleasure given by a performance is pretty much like regarding the leisurely perusal of a menu as only a little less enjoyable than the meal itself. If it be answered that the pleasure of reading a menu is largely that of anticipation, I suggest a cookery book as being a better analogy. The pages teem with appetising terms and details, and, food being a subject in which all are (or should be) interested even to the point of enthusiasm, we have no difficulty in mentally savouring the dishes described. But nobody is content with pleasing the mental palate. The better the dish looks on paper the more we want to see it on the table before us. And I believe that musicians generally feel like that about music: the better it looks on the printed page the more we want to hear it—for after all the enjoyment of music is largely a physical affair: no savage breast was ever soothed by score-reading. 'Orpheus with his lute [not with his

score] . . . everything that *heard him play* . . . 'Here will we sit,' says what's-her-name, 'and let the sound of sweet music sink into our ears.' Not: 'Here will we sit, and, nine times out of ten, like Mr. Newman, read the score rather than hear it played.'

No; not for me the Barmecide feast of the cookery book and the score. I will read both with pleasure and profit, but never as a substitute for the real thing, even though cook and musician fall short of perfection. The meal ready or orchestra tuned up, I can only say, with moist lips, 'Lead me to it.'

I do not write all this on the assumption that it really matters a great deal whether Mr. Newman's eye can or cannot take in all that he says it can, or that it matters what I think about that comprehensive Eye. But it matters a great deal that thousands of Mr. Newman's *Sunday Times* readers, having read, are likely to run away with the idea that music can be enjoyed fully without performance. I am ready to believe that Mr. Newman's skill in score-reading is well above the average, but I venture to think that there are so many factors in a biggish orchestral score that they cannot be grasped simultaneously by anybody, though here and there an exceptional brain, backed up by practice, may go an amazingly long way. We know that even in a good performance much escapes a keen ear, aided though it be by the eye following the music on paper.

Dr. G. A. Pfister, in a *Musical News* article headed 'Spiritual v. Fleishy Ear' (? fleshly; 'fleshly' is too suggestive of a thick ear), is frankly incredulous as to Mr. Newman's eye-hearing, and makes out a good case for his scepticism. He says:

It is quite as easy to read one line of music and realise it in our spiritual ear as to read prose or verse. But we cannot read at the same time twenty-five or more lines of intricate orchestral writing, especially in quick movements, realising the harmonies and the tone-colour, at the speed in which the composer desires us to hear and feel it. It is a physical impossibility; the eye cannot do it.

The most important point in the above is the reference to pace, &c., and I have therefore italicised the sentence. It really involves everything that matters. The painful reader of a score may take in most of the details—even all of them—but the effort is pretty sure to make the spirit elude him. On the other hand, if he goes ahead and gets the general effect, he is bound to miss most of the details.

Dr. Pfister goes on to quote Hans von Bülow on the point (again I italicise a vital sentence):

Bülow, I dare say, had as much ability, experience, and practice in reading full scores as the next best conductor—or critic. 'If anyone pretends that he can realise a score by reading it silently, then he is simply talking nonsense. I personally cannot do it. I must first glance it through (*seiner Ueberblick gewinnen*), then read the lines separately, then study the harmonies, and do it over and over until I almost know the score by heart. And then, when I conduct it, I invariably discover beauties or faults which my spiritual ear had been unable to detect.' That was said in a lecture to

students and conductors. And we felt that the great man was telling the honest truth. Had he boasted that he could get more or as much out of reading than of hearing it with his 'fleshy ear,' most of us, in spite of our great admiration and respect for Bülow, would have said (in our mind) 'Swank!'

Here, I think, Dr. Pfister is hasty. I do not accuse even the most aggressive score readers of swanking; I merely suggest that natural pride in a considerable mental feat is apt to blind them to its limitations.

I said above that a poem was complete when committed to paper, but on second thoughts I am not so sure. There is a good deal of poetry that, like music, doesn't get fully achieved until it is heard. Plenty of passages will occur to you at once—passages which, because of their euphony and rhythm, can make their full effect only when uttered aloud by one alive to their beauty as mere sound. Dr. Pfister, in the article I have already referred to, tells us that Flaubert said that he could not tell whether what he had written was good until he had heard it read aloud.

A layman where the stage is concerned, I give my view with diffidence; but I believe there will be something like the right public for Shakespeare when we can count on all the cast being, first, audible, and, second, able to give us the beauty and significance of speech that we used to get from Ellen Terry, Genevieve Ward, Forbes Robertson, and from that best of Shakespearean clowns, the late George Weir.

So far as the scenic presentation of Shakespeare is concerned give me an arm-chair mental performance every time. I can see in my mind's eye, Horatio, a more delightful Forest of Arden, and a bitterer Blasted Heath than all the Harkers and Craigs rolled in one can set up. The text is on another footing. We may say of all poetic drama that it may be read and it may be seen, but in order to be enjoyed fully it *must* be heard. When the Broadcasting Company began giving Shakespeare to its broadcasters (hateful word! but it isn't mine), there were those who pooh-poohed the idea. 'How could one enjoy merely hearing a play?' asked the pooh-poohers. The answer is, that all depends first, on the play, and, second, on the hearing. The text must be either humorous, or witty, or poetic, or all three, as are the best of Shakespeare's comedies. Given first-rate speaking and good transmission, an ordinarily imaginative listener who knows his Shakespeare can easily visualise the scene and action. Even a non-Shakespearean, provided he have a keen sense of the beauty of language, would find the experience enjoyable and satisfying.

The above paragraph is not dragged in. There is a real analogy between this reading and hearing of poetry and the reading and hearing of music.

I am sure that all of us who have read Shakespeare a good deal have had the same experience. We have felt we were getting all there was to be got out of him; we saw the scenery and action,

we chuckled over the humour, and we were duly stirred, and even harrowed, in the right places. Then we happened to attend a performance, and if the speaking was at all adequate, scores of passages—sometimes mere brief phrases—suddenly caught hold of us in a way they had never done before. I had read *Twelfth Night* for many years before seeing a performance, and I hope I was all the time aware of the poetry of this most poetic of comedies. Yet my first experience of the play well acted, was a series of thrills, as familiar passage after passage took on fresh life and significance from the actors' voices.

In much the same way a performance (even one far from perfect) of a familiar piece of music will often reveal beauties hitherto unsuspected. Some years ago a number of musicians were asked by a musical journal to give in a few words their outstanding experience of the season just passed. Dr. Ernest Walker (I feel sure it was he; if not it ought to have been) wrote that his most vivid recollection was of Casals's playing of the C major scale at the beginning of a Bach Suite. Now I have no doubt that Dr. Walker had seen that scale on paper, and had heard it played often enough to feel sure that it held no further secrets for him. Yet along comes a great player and shows him that there is more in it than can be seen by any eye—even Mr. Newman's. If it be argued that in such cases as these the effect is largely the result of the intrusion of the performer between us and the composer, I can only reply by asking how we are to be sure that he is an intruder, and not an interpreter? Isn't it possible that Casals played that scale as Bach had dreamt of its being played, and that Dr. Walker for the first time in his life heard the passage played to perfection? If the answer is Yes (and nobody can prove that it should be anything else), the explanation is probably that ninety-nine out of every hundred 'cellists regard the passage merely as a scale of C; Casals saw something more in it, and expressed that something. I once had a similar experience to that of Dr. Walker at the performance of a Mozart String Quartet (I was so very much younger then that I have forgotten which). The slow movement had hitherto been nothing more to me than dozens of similar slow movements of the period. On paper it was merely a simple tune plainly harmonized, yet it raised a lump in my throat and a dewdrop in my eye for all the world to see. Now suppose that I had been content to enjoy it in my arm-chair, Newman-like; I could hear the notes mentally, and I knew what sort of noise a good string quartet ought to make. Yet I should have missed a good deal of the secret of the movement, and there would have been no lump and no dewdrop (This was many years ago, as I have said. Lumps and dewdrops come less easily now.) The hearing of music is full of these strange little revelations—so much so that, the older one gets, the less one feels inclined to dogmatise as to the merits of any work. (Who knows? One of these days I may be present at a concert when a performance of the

*Emperor* Concerto is threatened, and, unable to escape, may have the luck to hear it played by a pianist who will reveal to me the beauties that seem to be patent to almost everybody else.)

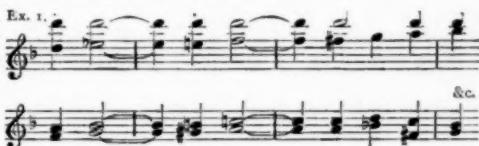
At first one feels disposed to sympathise with Mr. Newman's view that we ought to be satisfied with nothing less than perfect—let us call them hundred per cent.—performances, and that, as these are rarely forthcoming, we should sit at home and, score in hand, imagine such hundred per centers. But in this world of imperfection and compromise we have to learn to be content with a good deal less than the whole loaf; even a half, we say, hopefully, is better than none. In the matter of musical performances I am not ashamed to say that, welcome as the hundred per center is on the red letter days when it comes along, I am not going to ask for my money back provided an average of eighty per cent. is served up. And just as easily as Mr. Newman can imagine perfection, so the rest of us can mentally make up the shortcomings of a performer, so long as he is not so bad as to be distracting. We do the same thing constantly in other departments of music. For example, you are not a gramophonist very long before you easily acquire the knack of turning a deaf ear to any surface noise; and a little later you find yourself mentally supplying deficiencies in the clearness of bass instruments. Similarly, when you first hear brass on the gramophone you are scornful. 'That a trumpet!' you say. 'If so, it is one of the kind that may be bought for a penny.' But a few weeks later you hear the same record, and what the trumpet lacks of brilliance and nobility your inner ear easily supplies.

Mr. Newman followed up the article discussed above with a sequel, in which he toyed with the notion that, as all instruments are imperfect, the time may come when composers will rebel at this or that note, shake, or colour being impossible on certain instruments, and will boldly write music in which limitations of the kind are disregarded. In other words, they will write, not for performance, but for the score reader. But it is one of the commonplaces of musical history that many beautiful effects have had their origin in these very limitations. Mr. Newman says:

No longer would he [the composer] have to submit to the clarinet throwing up the sponge when it reaches the lowest note of its compass and handing over the continuation of the theme downwards to the bassoon. No longer would he have to take the theme out of the hands of one instrument at a certain point and give it to another, merely because at that point the first instrument, though it may have the notes, enters with them upon its 'ineffective' pitch.

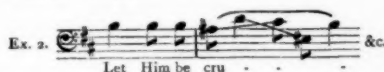
We should feel disposed to sympathise with composers did we not know that some of the most charming effects in scoring are obtained from this handing over of a theme from one instrument to another. It began by being a drawback, but composers soon saw its potentialities, and have long

since changed the drawback into an asset. The number of passages in modern scores that annoy us by drawing attention to the limitations of the instruments is negligible beside those in which the sharing of passages between them is a delight to all concerned. Even the 'ineffective pitches' themselves have been used to good effect for special purposes. And what did Beethoven do when faced with the restrictions of the pianoforte keyboard of his day? Occasionally he succumbed to them, but at other times he turned them to such good account that to-day, when the increased range enables us to play certain passages as he would undoubtedly have written them had the keyboard allowed, we prefer the effect that resulted from the restricted compass—e.g., the inverted pedal in the D minor Sonata:



We may be thankful for the short keyboard that led to such a delightful makeshift as the above. It would not be difficult to produce similar examples from almost every kind of music. Genius thrives on such limitations, while mediocrity is for ever complaining of its tools. Take your double-basses down six more notes and the swanker will try to show daring and originality by writing a passage that calls for a seventh. Carry up your pianoforte keyboard another octave, and some insatiable ass will always want another semitone.

When Mr. Newman suggests, even jocosely, the writing of music for the eye, he may have overlooked the fact that such music already exists. Sometimes composers have written for both eye and ear—for examples, see some of the naive devices of the pietistic composers of early days. Even Bach himself—great child that he was in some ways—wrote:



Join up the first and third and the second and fourth notes in bar two, and you have a cross. And the scourging theme in the *St. John* Passion doesn't sound like a blow; it looks like the convolutions of a lash.

Some of the early writers turned out canons that were marvels of ingenuity, but the canonic structure was apparent only to the eye. No ear can grasp some of their simultaneous uses of augmentation, diminution, inversion, &c. In his *Double Counterpoint and Canon* Prout quotes a Canon 36 in 1, for nine choirs, by Michielli Romano. No doubt Michielli used up a lot of grey matter and midnight oil upon it, and the eye sees the parts busily keeping the pot a-boiling,

but all that reaches the ear is an interminable chord of G. Similarly, much of Tallis's famous Motet for forty voices is for the eye rather than the ear. There is even a Bach masterpiece that to some extent must be placed in this forbidding class. The *Art of Fugue* contains a good deal of music that clearly was never intended to be played. Some of the more complex parts of it are mere abstractions. Fugues 12 and 13 are double-barrelled affairs; in each case the second barrel, so to speak, consists of an entire inversion of the first. Bach bracketed the inversions with the originals, so that his feat may be seen at a glance and followed in detail by those interested, but the versions cannot be played simultaneously. As their relationship is not apparent when they are played separately, and as the purely musical interest is slight, they belong to the order of music written for the eye alone. I showed them to an American friend recently. 'Gee!' he said, 'Gee! for the la-a-nd's sake look at that!'—a comment which leaves something to be desired when applied to ordinary music, but which just meets the case here. Bach wrote these astounding Fugues to be looked at, and nothing further.

Probably few things in music are more puzzling to the layman than the musician's power of mentally reading and hearing a score, or even a simple pianoforte piece. The best reply to the amazed layman's question as to how it is done is to show him that he is constantly performing a similar feat. There may be such a puzzled layman reading this paragraph. If so, I point out to him that he is able to hear in his mind the pronunciation of every word he is reading. The words are made up of combinations of sounds; even a word of one syllable may contain several distinct sounds—k-i-n-g, for example, contains four—just as a simple chord is compounded of several notes. The musician's ability to look at a piece of new music and hear it mentally is no more miraculous than the ease with which you, Sir (I address the Puzzled Layman), are now able to hear in your mind the sounds of the words you are reading. No more miraculous? On second thoughts, let us say it is no less.

A Vacation School of Folk-song and Dance will be held by the English Folk-dance Society at the South Western Polytechnic Institute, Manresa Road, Chelsea, from December 27 to January 2 inclusive. As the school can accommodate only a limited number, early application should be made. Entries close on December 1. Full particulars from Mr. Bertram Gavin, Secretary, E.F.D.S., 7, Sicilian House, Southampton Row, W.C.1 (telephone, Museum 4580).

A set of five Christmas Carols, the work of blind poets and composers, has just been published by Messrs. Novello for the National Institute for the Blind. A free grant of copies will be made to churches willing to set apart a Carol Service Collection in aid of the Institute's work. Application should be made to the Secretary, the Music Department, 224, Great Portland Street, W.1. The carols are well worth the attention of choirs and carol singing parties. The published price is 3d. (See page 809.)

## RHEINBERGER'S ORGAN SONATAS

By HARVEY GRACE

(Continued from October number, page 685)

NO. 8, IN E MINOR, OP. 132 (1882)

*Adagio—Fugue; Intermezzo; Scherzo; Passacaglia*

This Sonata has long been one of the best-known of the series. It owes its vogue to a variety of reasons. The *Passacaglia* was a test-piece at the R.C.O. some years ago; its *Fugue* is one of the least difficult of Rheinberger's, its slow movement easy and tuneful, and the *Scherzo* a rousing recital number. But its crowning glory is the *Passacaglia*, one of the finest in the repertory, and—a rare thing—one that appeals to listener as well as to player. Despite these claims, the Sonata as a whole is not among the pick of the basket. The *Scherzo* and *Passacaglia* show Rheinberger at the top of his form; in the *Fugue* and *Intermezzo* he is somewhat below it. These two movements are merely good, whereas the third and fourth well deserve to be called fine.

In the *Fugue*, Rheinberger makes yet another experiment in the matter of form, breaking into its progress three times with a quiet, independent episode. The rondo-like result is not quite a success, for the reason that the two constituents do not mix. The quality that makes fugue still one of the best of forms is continuous growth, and a composer who interrupts this does so at his peril. Rheinberger elsewhere shows how the fugal development may be held up with fine effect, e.g., in the A flat, B flat, D major, E flat minor, D minor, B major, and G sharp minor Fugues. In all these cases the intruded matter is of a powerful character, and does not let the Fugue down in the matter of vigour. Sometimes its dramatic character lifts the whole Fugue up—for example, in the E flat minor, where the sudden introduction of new and very free material brings into the hitherto solid movement an element of passion which persists until the end and changes the whole character of the work. The E minor Fugue not only suffers from the too-placid character of the unrelated episodes; there are also far too many full closes. Yet its many effective passages save it from failure. The subject has the usual Rheinberger energy, with a bold drop of a diminished octave, and with the scalewise character of its first half well-balanced by a vigorous, leaping phrase:



There is very little in the way of scientific device. At the close, where tradition leads us to expect a *stretto*, Rheinberger gives merely the first half of the subject as a bass, plainly harmonized, and follows it by a series of bold and simple chords that suggest the rhythm of the second half. His refusal to allow himself to be oppressed by the rigours of the form is shown again on page 7, where the treble leads off the subject, but gets no further than half-way, at which point the bass begins an entry. The start of the second half by the bass seems to remind the treble of its incomplete state-



ment, for it takes up the second half in close imitation of the bass, with almost humorous effect.

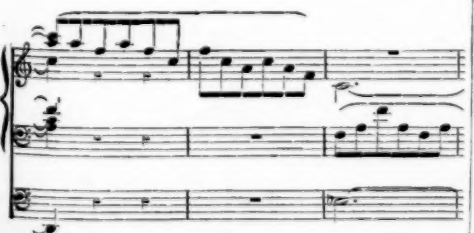
The *Intermezzo* is an easy, tuneful movement, in Rondo form. It calls for no comment beyond a hint that the average congregation will probably prefer it to most of the composer's finest slow movements; we should therefore play it for their pleasure, if not for our own. But we shall usually end by enjoying it no less than the unsophisticated hearer.

I have heard the *Scherzoso* condemned as being playful in too heavy a style—a criticism that seems to show a misunderstanding of the movement. It belongs to the family of quasi-serious *Scherzi* of the later classical writers. Some of the examples in Beethoven's Symphonies are of deeper emotional significance than the slow movements in the same works. The old Minuet and Trio from which he developed them was merely light relief, the sort of thing Haydn and Mozart could—and evidently did—dash off with no more trouble than the mere labour of writing the notes; in the later Beethoven *Scherzi* we see a composer terribly in earnest. The Rheinberger example has a good deal of the same fierce energy, and there is a touch of the 'unbuttoned' Beethoven in the rough—almost uncouth—figure:

*Allegro molto. (♩ = 76.)*



on which so much of it is based. In a movement so energetic the achievement of a really shattering climax is not easy; but Rheinberger gives us a really fine one at the end of page 16, and then shows his form by capping it with another equally good. The success of this passage is due chiefly to the way the composer keeps the ear in suspense by delaying the resolution of the augmented sixth at the end of page 16. After the manual flourish we expect the customary six-four on the dominant. We get it, but we have to wait sixteen bars for it, the composer enharmonically changing the bass D sharp into E flat:



and insisting on the harmony of the dominant of B flat over a slowly descending bass. The new key is so firmly established that the sudden switch back to A minor is splendidly effective:



There is nothing new in this enharmonic treatment of the D sharp and E flat; it is merely a familiar device used with skill and boldness. The second climax should be prepared for by a closing of the Swell box or by a slight reduction of power after the manual flourish in Ex. 3, followed by a slight *accelerando* and increase of power up to the six-four on E. A brief *Coda* brings this admirable *Scherzo* to a close. (Note that the two big chords at the end of the page are merely a link with the *Passacaglia*; they should not be played when the *Scherzoso* is used alone. They are sometimes tacked on, the player following them up with several more chords off his own bat in order to make yet another full close in A minor—an anticlimax, if ever there was one! If the *Scherzoso* is played as a separate movement the final chord is best held on for four bars, in order to complete the series of three four-bar phrases that began with the pedal figure at the end of the preceding line.) This movement makes a capital recital number, and a no less excellent out-voluntary, provided some quiet brief movement separates it from the close of the service.

Any big *Passacaglia* invites comparison with the Bach example. This one of Rheinberger's comes well out of the test—in fact, I am bold enough to say that of the two I prefer it. Bach's great work undoubtedly suffers in places from having been written for the clavichord instead of for the organ—e.g., Variations xv. and xvi. are thin and fussy. Rheinberger's is organ music of the purest description. Moreover, so far as harmonic interest is concerned

the advantage lies with Rheinberger. A glance at the theme shows its possibilities in the way of simple and natural harmonic variety:



We are all familiar with the refreshing effect of a modulation from a minor key to its relative major. This theme makes such a change at its second bar; and the notes E A, D B carry pleasant suggestions of the harmony of D and G. If we compare this theme with that of most ground basses in minor keys we shall see that its superiority lies in the fact of its harmonic implications being as much major as minor. The complaint usually brought against the form is that of harmonic monotony. As long ago as Bach's day composers tried to avoid this snare by occasionally presenting the entire theme in the relative major—e.g., Buxtehude's fine work in D minor, wherein several of the variations are in F. But the results were not always successful—this of Buxtehude's, for instance, remains monotonous. Rheinberger here shows that the solution lies rather in devising a theme which carries in itself the possibilities of easy and natural modulations. It seems worth while going into this matter, because I have often heard surprised comment on the fact that this *Passacaglia* of Rheinberger achieves ample variety despite the fact that the theme is untransposed and the harmony never far-fetched. Yet the composer overlooks none of the possibilities. Look at Variation viii., for example, and see how the key of E minor is scarcely touched, the opening being in C:



and a full close avoided at the end:



This is not an isolated example. Go through the Variations and see how in almost every case continuity is obtained; sometimes the final chord is an inversion or a tonic seventh, or one of the upper parts is suspended, or a figure is carried over the break between two variations. Yet there is never any feeling of effort—nothing, for example, like that we

feel in some of Karg-Elert's ingenious devices in harmonizing ground basses, where he gets clean away from the key of the work by enharmonically changing an occasional long note in his theme. And in the matters of rhythm and figuration Rheinberger's *Passacaglia* can more than hold its own with any rivals.

A word should be said as to the expressive character of this movement. There are few, if any, pages in organ music more arresting than its quiet, meditative opening; and, at the other end of the dynamic scale, no March could be more ringingly triumphant than its last two variations, with their stalking basses and massive chords.

The registration is not difficult if we follow the composer's directions as to power. It will be noticed that he sometimes treats the Variations in blocks of two or three—a plan that ensures continuity. There is irony in the fact that, in a general way, the more a player tries to make a long *Passacaglia* interesting by a change of stops at each variation, the greater the risk of the work becoming tedious. Fussy registration of a work of this type not only destroys its continuity—it also draws attention to its length.

It is important to keep the pace well up throughout the final Variations. There is a natural tendency to slow up slightly in Variations xx.-xxii., where the semi-quaver sextuets make the manual work really difficult. But the movement suffers if those Variations are not played with brilliance. A slackening of the pace does away with the vivid contrast between this section and the thoughtful character of most of the preceding material, and it also deprives Variations xxiii. and xxiv. of some of their pomp.

Variation xxii. needs very skilful sharing between the hands. Played at the right pace, this is perhaps as difficult a manual passage as any in Rheinberger. Bar 5 is a particularly hard nut. Probably no ordinary hand can play it up to speed with a perfect *legato* in all the parts. I suggest that the D in the bass be shortened by a quaver's length. This makes the passage more practicable, and is merely a slight exaggeration of the phrasing required for the proper throwing-up of the quaver-figure that follows. After trying various ways of playing this bar I have found this the safest:



If the movement be played alone the first page of the Sonata should be used as a prelude, the work being announced as *Introduction and Passacaglia*. The composer's use of this opening passage by way of *Coda* then becomes strikingly effective. Otherwise it is pointless.

Rheinberger seems to have set a good deal of store by this piece—as well he might. He arranged it for pianoforte duet (as he did most of the Sonatas), made a concert pianoforte solo of it, and also scored it for full orchestra, transposing it into F minor in order to bring the lowest note of the theme within the compass of the double-bass. Now that orchestral versions of his big organ works are in fashion, Sir Henry Wood might do worse than introduce this truly splendid work to the wide public it deserves but can never reach via the organ.

## NO. 9, IN B FLAT MINOR, OP. 142 (1885)

*Praludium (Grave—Allegro Moderato); Romanze; Fantasia and Fugue*

The first movement shows Rheinberger lavish with thematic material. In addition to the introductory *Grave*, there are three lengthy subjects, the form of the movement proper being *a-b-c-a-b-c-a*, with a portion of the *Grave* used as *Coda*. The first subject is one of Rheinberger's best, though it owes much of its effectiveness to the accompaniment, mainly in sixths (and, incidentally, one of the most useful left-hand studies in the repertory):



(We shall see the opening figure doing splendid service in the Fugue.) The second subject provides hardly enough contrast, being in the relative major, and still *forte*; moreover, the speeding-up from quavers to semiquavers is partly negated by the direction *poco meno mosso*. This second subject is highly characteristic—a simple, broad tune over flowing counterpoint, and one of the best and most satisfying of organ effects. It is led into less neatly than we expect from Rheinberger at this stage of his career—in fact, the only weakness in this admirable movement is the marked pull-up between the various subjects. A delightful point in the development of the second subject is the use of an extended version of the opening four notes:



The descending scale is a Bachian touch, and one that is used a good deal in this movement. Elsewhere the composer makes delightful play with fragments of the scale.

The third subject is a charming little tune with a touch of sentiment in the falling leading-note and submediant in its second bar:



One feels that the movement would have gained in contrast had the composer treated this attractive theme at some length, giving it to a solo stop. Curiously, it appears first in D flat, the same key as the second subject and the relative major of the first, so that we have rather an overdose of five-flat tonality despite the modulations on pages 4 and 5.

The *Romanze* is a beautiful slow movement, though I have never been persuaded that it is romantic. It is simple in material and structure—a quiet, melodious opening in E flat being followed by a loud section in the tonic minor, with a continuous semiquaver left-hand part, a *ff* climax leading back to a resumption of the opening material. In this third section the melody may be given to a solo stop. Rheinberger lays it out to be played, like the opening, on one manual; but the parts happen to lie conveniently for the melody to be soloed, and we should make the most of the few opportunities of the kind Rheinberger gives us. The last eight bars should of course be played on the same manual. The *Romanze*, being devotional rather than romantic, makes an excellent voluntary.

The *Fantasia* may well be cut. It has its moments, but is far too disjunct to be satisfactory, its four pages containing no fewer than eleven different *tempi*, besides pauses and *rits*. galore. Had the composer given us more of the broad *Adagio espress.* (page 15) we should have had a Prelude worthy of the splendid Fugue that follows. This is generally acknowledged to be among the best half-dozen Rheinberger ever wrote, which is saying a good deal. Its subject shows us two of his favourite devices in subject-writing—an emphatic first half of the 'motto' type, followed by a more animated section; and a bold leap—in this case an augmented octave:



The counter-exposition over, Rheinberger modulates to G minor, brings in the opening figure of Ex. 9, and works it into the texture, the pedals being largely concerned with the dropping fifth of the fugue subject. What fine use is made of that dropping fifth! Above all, see with what startling effect the pedals give it tongue on page 22, after a lengthy rest. It has much of the comic effect of a false entry.

Much of the success of this Fugue comes from its rich harmony and wide range of modulations. There is a warmth and freedom about it that takes it outside the fugue class, and it contains the minimum of fugal

science. Indeed, one of the odd things about Rheinberger's Sonatas is the fact that some of his most fiery and spontaneous movements are among the Fugues, where one would expect far more calculation and science. Here, of course, he is one with Bach, who, on the whole, left the purely scientific side to be exploited by lesser men, while he made the form the medium for expressing practically all that music can express. Could anything be less conventional in a fugue than such a passage as this from page 21 of the Rheinberger:

Ex. 13.

The material is drawn from the first movement, but, like similar passages, it is so skilfully worked into the texture of the Fugue that there is not the slightest suspicion of incongruity.

The work ends with a characteristic delivery of the subject in big chords—a resounding peroration that no *stretto* can beat for finality.

The only indications as to power are at the beginning and end, where *ff* is marked. It is better to begin *forte*, and work up the power from the end of page 20, reserving something for the final statement of the subject. It seems natural, too, to reduce at the end of line 2, page 22, beginning to increase again at the last bar of the page. The two-against-three in this passage, by the by, is more effective than such troublesome combinations are wont to be.

The Fugue may well be played alone, as the first movement material is developed instead of being merely quoted. But if we want a lengthy, well-contrasted Prelude and Fugue, we may join up the first and last movements. In any case the Fugue is one that we should keep at our fingers' ends with the 'Short' G minor, the 'Dorian,' and the 'St. Anne' of Bach.

(To be continued.)

## THE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION A BRIEF SURVEY OF ITS HISTORY

BY J. PERCY BAKER

The path of musical progress is white with the bones of societies all having for their aim the advancement of the art. They have been established by enthusiasts genuinely persuaded that they were meeting an urgent demand; their committees have been composed of men with a high sense of duty and a firm resolve to live up to it; and they have for the most part secured the services of competent officers. Members flock—more or less—to the standard that has been raised, and for a time everything seems to go smoothly, yet when the first flush of enthusiasm is over we see the hot fit succeeded by a cold or tepid one, and the society which was to do so much comes to an end after a few years of spasmodic energy. Into the reason for this it is not necessary to enter here, but when a musical society escapes all the perils of infancy and early youth, and attains the respectable age of half-a-century, the fact is sufficiently unusual to merit a little notice.

This month the Musical Association, founded on May 29, 1874, opens its fiftieth session. It originated in the fertile brain of the late John Stainer, when organist of Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1867 he met Dr. William Pole at Dr. Corfe's house, and in the course of conversation expressed the opinion that there ought to be a musical society on the same lines as the learned societies in other arts and sciences. Dr. Pole agreed, and no doubt urged Stainer to set about starting it; but the latter felt that his being so far from London rendered the proposal impracticable. He, however, promised that if ever he settled in London he would undertake to carry the matter further. The opportunity came when, in 1872, Stainer was appointed to St. Paul's Cathedral. After some preliminary spade-work a meeting of influential musicians was called at the house of William Spottiswoode, invitations being issued to some twenty gentlemen. Those present were, besides Mr. Spottiswoode himself, John Tyndall, Sedley Taylor, William Chappell, George Grove, John Hullah, William Pole, G. A. Macfarren, and John Stainer—surely a distinguished company, if few! In the course of the discussion that arose, more than one speaker pointed out the failure of previous societies owing to apathy; but to this the reply was made that that was because they were too much given to concert work. Eventually it was resolved unanimously:

That the formation of a Society similar in the main functions of its organization to existing learned societies, to concern itself with music, would be a great public benefit.

A committee was appointed—with Stainer as hon. secretary *pro tem.*—to draw up rules. Dr. Pole was a member of the committee, and he was in the main responsible for the draft of the constitution, which was duly considered at a meeting held in the Board Room at South Kensington Museum, on May 29, 1874. This time there was a larger attendance, those present enrolling themselves as original members, and then proceeding to deal with the Rules, which were amended and passed.

So far the new Society was *sine nomine*. The provisional title, 'Society for the Study of the Art and Science of Music,' met with scant favour at a meeting held on August 4, and other suggestions—'The Musical Society of Great Britain' and



'The Musical Scientific Society'—were likewise turned down. Some time was spent over this point, but it was not wasted, for at last the meeting agreed unanimously that the title should be 'The Musical Association.' Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley was elected president. It was in contemplation to have a Patron also, but this was postponed, and nothing seems to have come of it. New members were gathered in, and with a roll of a hundred and fifty names the Association began to assume a definite character. Stainer intimated that his many engagements precluded his continuing the secretarial work, and Charles Kensington Salaman, a musician whose name was well-known as the composer of a successful song, *I arise from dreams of thee*, was elected as the first regular hon. secretary. Salaman displayed great zeal on behalf of the Association, and by his assiduity, tact, and knowledge of musicians he had no small share in placing it on a sound basis.

The proceedings of the newly-founded Association began with a meeting on November 22, 1874, at the Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W., when papers were read by Dr. W. H. Stone and R. H. M. Bosanquet. The Association grew in numbers until most of the distinguished musicians of the day belonged to it. Of that band of nearly fifty years ago, only seven are still in the land of the living, viz., Mr. Francesco Berger, Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. Somers Clarke, Mr. Lionel Benson, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Charles Stanford, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

The work increased, and in 1877 Salaman, then sixty-three years old, felt that for reasons of health he must resign office. A suggestion was made that a paid officer might relieve him of much labour, but Salaman said it was the constant anxiety which was too much for him. There was considerable difficulty in finding a successor, till at last James Higgs consented to take the office, which he filled for six years. Then again the same crisis arose, and Francis Davenport undertook the work, only to find in 1886 that it made too great demands upon his time. The Council then reverted to the suggestion made when Salaman retired, and the present writer—then a student at the Royal Academy of Music—was appointed assistant-secretary. In 1891, on the retirement of Mr. Davenport, he became secretary.

The first hon. treasurer was S. Arthur Chappell, his successors being Stanley Lucas (1877), Alfred H. Littleton (1887), H. C. Banister (1893), A. H. D. Prendergast (1897), Clifford B. Edgar (1901), and Arthur M. Fox (1908), the present holder of the office.

In 1889 Sir Gore Ouseley died. Although he had read some valuable papers, he had been unable to take an active part in the government of the Association owing to the distance at which he lived from London. Stainer became the next president, and displayed a keen interest in its affairs. A noteworthy event in his term of office was the 'coming-of-age' of the Association, when he delivered an inaugural address in which he presented its claims to more extended support. That same session a large party of American musicians visited London, and were entertained by the Association at a special meeting in July, 1895, a paper being read by Prof. Waldo S. Pratt, of Connecticut, at the invitation of the Council. Stainer's speech of welcome to them was marked by warmth and eloquence.

Some time before this the attendance at the Association's meetings had shown a tendency to diminish, and in deference to views then expressed the time of the meetings was altered from the afternoon to the evening. It was found impracticable in these circumstances to continue at the Beethoven Rooms, and by courtesy of the Royal Academy of Music, then at Tenterden Street, the meetings were held in its concert-room. For a time the experiment showed signs of being a success, but at length it became evident that musicians' evenings were too fully occupied for them to turn up at meetings, and in 1894, to everybody's satisfaction, the afternoons were reverted to, the day being altered from Monday to Tuesday. The Academy being unable to provide accommodation in the daytime, the Association found a home at the Royal College of Organists, then at Hart Street, Bloomsbury. When the afternoon meetings were resumed, Stainer suggested that members would probably appreciate an opportunity for greeting one another over a cup of tea previous to the paper, a pleasant function that has persisted ever since, with the exception of the most stringent period of the war, when catering difficulties proved insuperable. The year 1897 was the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and the Association not only had a special paper from Dr. Cummings dealing with music during the Queen's reign, but also held a dinner in honour of that unique event in English history. It was so successful that a similar gathering became an annual fixture until the war compelled its discontinuance. In the last year or two it has been revived.

The end of the 19th century saw the establishment, in 1899, of the International Musical Society, with headquarters at Berlin and Leipzig, and branches all over the world. The late Dr. Charles Maclean, who took a prominent part in this, foresaw a possible rival and a contingent danger to the future stability of the Association, and despite a good deal of misunderstanding and opposition he succeeded in safeguarding the latter's interests by an agreement that the Association, without prejudice to its own sphere, was also to act as the London branch of the International, each body making concessions to the other. An old Indian Civil servant, Maclean was inclined at times to be bureaucratic in his methods, but he was a man of quite remarkable ability, and it is due to his memory to record that he was unswerving in his loyalty to the Association. The alliance between the two bodies then consummated did not prove altogether a happy one, for friction was constantly arising between them. The German management thought it was not getting enough out of Great Britain, and Great Britain was distinctly of opinion that the International publications were becoming too exclusively antiquarian, and pronouncedly Teutonic at that! Things were rapidly moving towards a crisis when war broke out, and Berlin or Leipzig declared the Society to be at an end. This high-handed act was clearly illegal, and it was promptly repudiated, especially by this country, where the English Committee remained in being for some years, until at last it was recognised that the resuscitation of the International was no longer practicable.

In 1901, Stainer died suddenly at Verona. Sir Hubert Parry was elected President, but it was with some hesitation that he consented to serve, for,

as everyone knows, he was no *roi fainéant*. In any office he undertook, his devotion to its duties was so absolute that delegation of even minor matters to subordinate hands was never for an instant considered by him. During his term of office the Association took an important constitutional step by becoming incorporated, and thus consolidating itself as a legal entity instead of remaining a voluntary association. This was in 1904, thirty years after its foundation. The same year the Royal College of Organists removed to South Kensington, and the terms of its tenancy were such that, unfortunately, the Association could not also find a home there. After some little search, Messrs. Broadwood granted the use of the admirable hall at their premises in Conduit Street. This was occupied until 1913, when, the firm requiring the hall exclusively for business purposes, the Association was once more without a home. The generous hospitality of Messrs. Novello came to the rescue, and last year a further temporary change was made to the London Academy of Music. Now an eminently suitable meeting-place has been secured at the College of Preceptors in Bloomsbury Square.

In 1908, Parry's health compelled him to diminish his activities, and he resigned the Presidency. Dr. W. H. Cummings succeeded him, and despite his great age was unremitting in his attendance at the meetings. On his death in 1915, the Council was unanimous in desiring to re-elect Parry, and it was cause for satisfaction on every ground that he was able to accept the invitation. The circumstance of his death in 1918 is still fresh in our memory. In considering the choice of a successor, the Council decided that it would be a wise move to secure rotation in the office by limiting its tenure to three years, subject to annual re-election. Sir Frederick Bridge, the senior Vice-President, was chosen, and when his term expired he was succeeded by Sir Hugh Allen.

The war sorely tried the stamina of the Association. The strain of that troublous time no doubt had a share in the heavy death-roll that depleted its ranks, particularly amongst the older members, and in addition was responsible for comparatively few coming forward to fill the gaps. At one time it was proposed that the Association should suspend operations 'for the duration,' but fortunately wiser counsels prevailed, and though carrying-on involved much anxious thought and cautious administration, all difficulties were eventually overcome. Since the Armistice over a hundred and twenty new members have been elected, and the Association stands to-day in as strong a position as ever it did—if not stronger.

The Association exists for the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with the art and science of music. The fact that it is entering upon its fiftieth year is *prima facie* evidence that it occupies a special position in the musical cosmos. As Sir John Stainer said in his inaugural address at the twenty-first session:

If no such body existed as this, our Association, no learned Society for the interchange of thought amongst cultured musicians, it would be little short of a scandal.

He pointed to the papers which had been read as constituting a claim to the support of earnest musicians. Were he alive to-day he would surely be able to advance the same claim with even greater cogency. Singularly few of the papers have been of the 'crank' order; the vast bulk have been

contributed by eminent writers on all sorts of musical subjects, ancient and modern, to which they have given special study. 'A prophet is not without honour save in his own country,' and it is significant that foreign libraries, particularly in America, are keen on possessing the volumes of the Proceedings. They rejoice when their agents succeed in making their sets complete, no easy task now that so many back volumes are out of print. If British musicians realised the unique position and standing of the Musical Association they would make a point of affording it practical support. 'A little help is worth a good deal of sympathy.' It can scarcely expect to become a 'popular' Society in the ordinary sense of that much-abused word, but it should be looked upon as an indispensable one. To quote Stainer once more:

It is not a question of what you get for your guinea as what a lot of good you will do to the art and science of music by your guinea.

It is proposed to celebrate the Jubilee year by holding a banquet in January. Doubtless the occasion will be a notable success, but an even better way of marking the event would be to raise the membership to a degree which will widely extend the scope and influence of the Musical Association.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE 'PROMS.'

BY THOMAS ARMSTRONG

The 'Proms.' are over, and the ordinary musical season is now in full swing. *Pomp and Circumstance* on October 20 brought the usual riotous end, and nearly a year must pass before we know again the informal ease and intimacy that make these concerts unique. The autumn musical season has outgrown its youthful enthusiasms, and become a serious, middle-aged, practical affair, bent on the business of life. But it has been said that youth, under a frivolous exterior, is fundamentally serious, whilst middle-age, behind a pretence of seriousness, is fundamentally frivolous and insincere, and there is something in the statement that applies to these concerts; for I am sure that some of the most intense and whole-hearted listening of the year is done at the popular and easy-going 'Proms.'

What is it that gives these concerts their character? Is it Sir Henry Wood's personality, or the orchestra, or the audience, or that magic fountain? Or is it the fact that they are like a great 'At Home,' where you can be sure of meeting everybody, but where there are no cakes or tea to be fussed about, and where you need not talk unless you like? I am inclined to think the audience has a lot to do with it, for if you were tone-deaf you would still find an evening's entertainment in studying your neighbours on the ground floor. You certainly do make friends there, friends whose names you never know, or only imagine and invent for yourself, friends to whom you never speak, yet who simply by some quaintness or distinction come to have a permanent place in your world. It is amusing to sort out from those around you the pianists, composers, amateur musicians, or country conductors up to get the inspiration that will carry them through a winter's thankless work at their choral societies. Singers you can always guess; they all look as if they were singers. The others are difficult. All bank-clerks at the 'Proms.' look intense and wear curious hats, and seem as if they might be Russian

geniuses, whereas mere composers efface themselves in bowlers and look like bank-clerks: this is a safe rule. But pianists are very hard to spot—you can never be sure of them.

All the assorted highbrows are there: the Chelsea sort, the Bloomsbury sort, and the sort that are neither Chelsea nor Bloomsbury, but just plain highbrows; and the 'Academy' young women, so bright, assured, enthusiastic, who make you thank heaven that Owen Nares isn't a violinist. And the man who sh—s like a fire-extinguisher—and disturbs people all over the Hall—to silence you when you have made a whispered remark to your neighbour about Brahms's development sections.

The audiences on different nights have different personalities. There is a fearful and wonderful Stravinsky audience. A Friday audience could never be confused with a Saturday one: it is years above the average age of 'Prom.' audiences. Bearded men grow philosophic on Fridays over a sustained chord of B flat; old ladies play Mozart Sonatas on the balcony handrail or on their knees during the concerto. Monday night's is a hardworking audience from the suburbs. It takes itself very seriously, and seems to think that a preference for Wagner nights is a bold, bad, ultra-modern trait. No wonder they look worried, when you remember all the *leit-motifs* they are going to recognise in their frenzied rush between the music and the programme notes.

Nobody accuses a 'Prom.' audience of showing discernment, although so many discerning people are there: even catholic is too narrow a word to describe its taste. Admirers stand open-mouthed beneath M. Spivakovsky as if hoping actually to catch and devour some of the wrong notes that he scatters with lavish temperament from the arpeggios at the beginning of the Tchaikovsky Concerto. And yet they cheer again and again the quiet, unassuming musicianship of Goldenberg. But what the audience lacks in discernment it makes up in generosity and 'rouseableness.' It loves the unusual. Undoubtedly this element makes the three-pianoforte Concerto of Bach so popular, although, musically, three pianofortes are, of course, three times as bad as one pianoforte would be. The 'Prom.' audience is always generous, nearly always quick to see real merit, yet not so quick to discover the emptiness of mere virtuosity. There is, of course, something very exhilarating about extraordinary brilliance: one can submerge a part of oneself and enjoy it all: as one likes the acrobats at the circus. Nobody can deny that the Bach-Elgar . . . but this touches the controversial.

There is, undoubtedly, an extraordinary feeling of intimacy between audience and orchestra. It is such a nice homely sight to see them all there, as it were, 'spending their evenings at home.' There is Mr. Woodhouse, cool and collected as ever, equal to any emergency, and a living lesson in how to get the most result with the least fuss; and Mr. Goossens—Léon, they all call him, as if they had been boys together: connoisseurs smile to each other at some delicacy of phrasing such as he is always throwing to them. And that wonderful collection of folks 'in the kitchen,' of whom one can never say for certain who is doing what. It is jolly to see their instruments being brought in and got ready—the triangle for that wonderful note in *The Mastersingers* Overture, the bell that is going to thrill us at the end of *The Poem of Ecstasy*, the 'rocky eminence' for Donner to smite—

Monday nights only, of course. But the climax of interest is reached when, during an interval, the second harp is carried on, disrobed, and provided with a player. Then we know that something is going to happen. If it is only one two-harp *glissando*, there can be no other sound quite so delicious.

Of Sir Henry Wood it is hardly necessary to speak. He is an institution, and it is on that very account that we sometimes forget that his conducting night after night, keeping the playing up to such a level, and being always ready to rise to an occasion like that of the Franck Symphony, is a very wonderful feat. Let a word be said, too, for that magic fountain. All promenaders know it, with its water-lilies, and its pebbles, and the goldfish, fat ones and thin ones. Even Mr. Ernest Newman recently grew lyrical about its refreshing, delicate tinkle. To me, for one, it is almost a shrine. When it was taken away, and nothing was left but a round, smallish, clean patch on the floor, the concerts were never quite the same. Friends pooh-poohed my fancy; they told me that my first enthusiasm had waned; that a charming companion had left London. But I knew better: it was the absence of that 'ruined choir,' that spoiled fountain. And now that the season is over, I hate to think of the water drained off, the lilies uprooted, the yellow stones collected and packed away for twelve long months in dark cellars. Some soft-hearted folk wonder about the goldfish, too. But for them I have no anxiety. After all, they were only visitors here, strangers from another world, and now they have gone home. They have gone back to the pages of Debussy's *Images*, where, as everybody knows, they have their placid and unchanging, their real existence.

## THE RUSSIAN BALLET—AND AFTER

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

The tidings that after its spring season at Paris, Diaghilev's Russian Ballet had finally disbanded, must have cut to the heart every lover of music, dancing, and beautiful staging. It is welcome news to hear that far from being ended, Diaghilev's activities will in the near future be greater than ever, his enterprises having found at last what they had hitherto lacked—headquarters.

Diaghilev's Ballet had never had a home. When it first appeared at Paris most people took it for granted that practically every one of its productions was the repetition abroad of something done in Russia, and that the Paris public was being asked to judge shows which enjoyed full rights of citizenship in the country whence they came.

This, however, was hardly the case. Diaghilev's Ballet—the joint creation of his organizing powers and of the ideas and work of his collaborators and advisers, Fokin, Bakst, Benois, Roerich, Golovin, and others less famous—could not have materialised in Russia. The local 'Balletomane' public was not interested in it; the ground, in other respects, was unprepared: but Paris, after the triumph of the Russian production of *Boris Godounov* in 1908, was ready and eager. It is there that the co-operation of Russia's most original and capable ballet-master, Fokin, of her best designers and decorators, and of her best dancers, was first brought to maturity.

All told, Diaghilev's carefully prepared and doggedly carried out campaigns proved as beneficial



to music as to dancing and stage-decoration. Indeed, fifteen years ago, when his Russian Ballet was ready for launching, the crucial point in his problem was that of music. Without suitable music, the new ideals in choreography, and even in stage-setting, could hardly materialise, and of suitable music there was a great dearth, if not a total lack. Sad experiences, such as the revival of *Chiselle* in 1910 and of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* a couple of years ago, have shown that the initial policy of avoiding the obvious commonplaces of the current repertory was the soundest.

This policy, however, was not easy to follow. Among the music then available, a thing such as Borodin's Polovtsian Dances (the first great triumph of Diaghilev's artists) constituted a unique windfall. By dint of ingenuity, acceptable wholes were made out of emergency materials: *Le Festin* out of dances and other instrumental pieces by various composers, and *Cleopâtre* out of excerpts, most artfully pieced together, of works by Arensky, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, and Glazounov. Tcherépnin's *Le Pavillon d'Armide* was of course produced in its genuine form. How works not intended for the purpose were eventually utilised (the list extends from Chopin's Waltzes and Schumann's *Carnaval* to *Scheherazade*, *Tanara*, and *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*) is a well-known story.

But at the earliest possible date provision had been made on sounder lines for the future. I remember well how in 1907, while the Historic Concerts of Russian music (the first movement in the campaign) were being prepared, I expressed disappointment with the latest things available from Russia, and asked whether there was nothing better in the output of the younger Russians. I received the reply: 'Yes; there exists one highly interesting composer, but we are not bringing him out yet, because the time is not ripe.' A year or two later I found that this referred to Stravinsky.

All Stravinsky's main works, *The Fire Bird*, *Petrushka*, *The Nightingale*, the *Rite of Spring*, and so on to *Noce*, were produced by Diaghilev as soon as they were ready. Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* and Debussy's *Jeux* were commissioned by him, and he revived Florent Schmitt's fine *Tragédie de Salomé* shortly after its very inadequate first production under French auspices. There were, it is true, a few less praiseworthy ventures, such as Strauss's *Joseph* and Hahn's *Le Dieu Bleu*. But let us also remember the successful effort made in favour of Manuel de Falla, a composer all too little known to the public till the production of *The Three-Cornered Hat*; the bold experiments of Prokofiev's *Chout* and Satie's *Parade*; and the revelation of the admirable conductor, Ansermet. Truly, music-lovers have many reasons to be grateful to Diaghilev.

The pluck and resourcefulness which enabled him to carry out his schemes, and to hold on during the years of the war, will certainly not fail him now that he has established his headquarters at the Monte Carlo Theatre (jointly, I understand, with the equally resourceful manager, Raoul Gunsbourg). In fact, it is rumoured that his next moves will be well worth watching. All the more so, I believe, for the reason that Monte Carlo is a centre from which he will be able to radiate to his heart's—and our hearts'—content.

## Occasional Notes

Three series of London symphony concerts began last month, and to-day, November 1, is the first Philharmonic Concert of the new season. There are subtle shades of difference between the various sets of programmes, not marked enough to make any one series a rallying-point of faction or a provoker of passions. These programmes are like English politics, which the barbarians can never understand, because our Right is too radical to be conservative, and our Left is so very, very moderate. The native eye, however, sees the range of nicely graduated shades between the Toryism of the London Symphony Orchestra and of Sir Thomas Beecham, through the rather less rigid views of the Royal Philharmonic, along to the quite liberally eclectic Saturday afternoons of Sir Henry Wood.

Youth can have its fling somewhere else—at St. John's Institute, Westminster, or Chelsea Town Hall—so say Beecham and the L.S.O. After all, it is the middle-aged who keep symphony concerts going. Youth probably hasn't even a cheque-book of its own yet, and cannot weigh-in with the substantial subscriptions that are the mainspring of these serious functions of our musical civilization. Who pays calls the tune, in all equity. And musical middle-age is going to be comfortably consoled with an illusion of youth restored, of grey hairs re-yellowed, and generally of the obliteration of thirty or forty years, when it strolls into one of the new Beecham concerts and hears the following programme:

Suite	... ..	Handel.
Song from <i>Zaide</i>	... ..	Mozart.
Symphony in C	... ..	Mozart.
Pianoforte Concerto in B flat	... ..	Brahms.
<i>Mastersingers</i> Overture	... ..	Wagner.

Or the following at the L.S.O.:

<i>Tragic Overture</i>	... ..	Brahms.
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	... ..	Tchaikovsky.
<i>Wotan's Farewell</i>	... ..	Wagner.
Symphony in A	... ..	Beethoven.

Sir Thomas Beecham is taking his courage in both hands, however, in respect to one audacious modernist, that subversive young German, Richard Strauss (born 1864). Surely it is rash thus to admit a living composer to an expensive series of symphony concerts! Strauss, anyhow, is the only one; and we understand, moreover, that his compositions have been countenanced by some of the most exclusive subscription concerts of Berlin, Leipzig, and Halle—*an-der-Saale*. The adventurous-minded are all tremulously agog for the *Alpine* Symphony promised for November 19.

The London Symphony Orchestra is unlike Sir Thomas in having admitted an English name into its scheme. That name (the only one in the series of ten concerts) is Elgar's. Kussevitky is to conduct the *Introduction* and *Allegro* for strings on December 10, and Mr. Goossens the A flat Symphony in the New Year. The L.S.O. is, moreover, tackling two out-and-out novelties—both of the 18th century—Symphonies of Polaci and Riegel.

To come, after such manifestations of musical Byzantinism, to the Philharmonic programmes is to tremble for the stability of a venerable institution



that permits itself such adventures as an example of Arnold Bax (*The Garden of Fand*, November 1), Delius's *Paris* (November 22), Gustav Holst's new Fugal Concerto, and Stravinsky's *Fire-bird* (February 21). At these concerts there is to be a change of conductor each night, three of the conductors being English. Sir Landon Ronald will conduct Elgar's E flat Symphony on December 6. There will be the *Choral* Symphony at the last of the series (March 20), as also at the ninth of the L.S.O. concerts.

Hardly a sign of grey appears in the black hair and beard of Sir Henry Wood. Hence, Saturday afternoons at Queen's Hall have quite a different tale to tell. Holst's *Planets* were paraded at full strength at the first of his concerts. At the second, Franz Schreker's Chamber Symphony was a novelty. On November 10 there will be an extract from Ethel Smyth's *Wreckers*, and Stravinsky's *Petrushka*. Elgar's E flat Symphony (Elgar's Symphonies are dominating the scene this winter) is due on November 24, together with works of Prokofiev and de Falla. Later on we are to have Arnold Bax's E flat minor Symphony, a new Pianoforte Concerto of Joseph Marx, a Suite (Op. 125) of Reger, Lord Berners's *Spanish Phantasy*, de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, a Symphony (in D, No. 5) by Miaskovsky, Holst's *Perfect Fool* Ballet, a Dramatic Symphony of Respighi, Delius's *Dance Rhapsody*, and a Symphonic Poem by Janacek. None of these things used to be conducted by Richter in the 80's, so there will be a good deal of ominous shaking of greying heads.

The secret is out—there is to be a new edition of *Grove*. Of course a good many of us have been for some time aware of the project, but it was not mentioned aloud, in deference to the wishes of Messrs. MacMillan and the new editor of the dictionary, Mr. H. C. Colles. But within the last month the newspapers have got wind of it, and made the news everybody's property. Naturally, all the English-speaking musical public is thoroughly interested. Mr. Colles has a big task and a tremendous opportunity, of which we all are assured he is perfectly able to make the best.

It is less than twenty years since Mr. Fuller-Maitland's edition of the great work began to appear, and it might be thought rather early to make a revision already. But the Fuller-Maitland *Grove* is after all of the nature of a compromise. The editor did not fully face the relinquishment of the attaching anomalies of the original work, and the queer disproportion between the immense articles on Schubert and Mendelssohn, on the one hand, and the scanty pages on Bach and Chopin on the other (to mention only these), was hardly corrected.

If we admit that in 1904 the wonderful Dictionary was not quite brought up to date, there is also the fact that these last twenty years have counted more in English musical doings than any forty in the three previous centuries. We shall look in the forthcoming *Grove* for a great deal more about both the Elizabethans and the modern Englishmen. No doubt much matter of the earlier editions will be discarded, but there need be the less sentimental regret for it, since the older volumes will remain on many shelves, and will never be beyond access.

It is Sir George Grove's praise that the frame of his splendid work remains thoroughly sound and serviceable. If only he could have foreseen the affectionate esteem in which the familiar volumes have been held by musical people in every corner of our land—and in a good many corners of other lands!—that would have been the right reward for his genial soul. In Grove's young days the best English musical traditions were somewhat frayed, broken, decayed. He and the other good men of his time built them up again, and we to-day are enjoying the advantages, not always with enough gratitude and piety.

*Grove* has always been appreciated for its human touches. These, we may be sure, will not be sacrificed to the claims of condensation. It will keep its character, and will not descend to the telephone-directory-dryness of some of the German musical dictionaries. And although Mr. Colles is at present on a long visit to New York, he can be counted on not to adopt the American idea of what *Grove* ought to be—if an indication of that idea is the 'American Supplement to *Grove*,' which is a sad volume, in the nature of a *Who's Who* of nonentities.

Probably many hundreds of the faithful have enriched their volumes with marginalia, the fruit of their day-by-day musical experiences. Mr. Colles is understood to be receiving gratefully any such notes. He may be addressed, 'c/o MacMillan's, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2.' The new *Grove* should be a noble manifestation of present-day English musicianship.

M. M.-D. Calvocoressi, reviewing\* with scrupulous urbanity in these columns the new *Dictionnaire du Conservatoire* (Paris, Delagrave), allowed one to read something between his lines. But the average Englishman, who looks for the equivalent of *Grove*, may still be a bit startled if he picks up this ponderous burden of learning and—rubbish. It brings home the fact that French musicians clearly do not know what a book of reference is. Impossible is it to find anything one sets out to seek in this huge and inchoate bran-pan! It might have been meant as a musician's bedside book—if the mighty volumes were at all manipulatable. Dipping into it, you may strike on something good. But equally well, you may strike on something so bad—so ephemeral in value, so inexact, and splashed with misprints—that it is a pure puzzle how a musician like Lionel de la Laurencie allowed his name to appear as editor. Here are some examples of its scale of proportions: Pages allotted to music in Spain and Portugal, 2,484; ditto, ditto in Great Britain, 44; ditto, to the librettos of Massenet's operas, 29. Moreover, the English section—with the exception of a few pages by Romain Rolland, disputable but elegant—is worthless. We do not know M. Camille le Senne, but we are sure he knows nothing at first hand about English music. A supplementary essay on our modern music, by the late Dr. Charles Maclean, is a regrettable piece of work, marred by curious partialities, yawning gaps, and misplaced polemics.

Here is yet another example in a book that has just arrived for review—Paul Landormy's *History of Music*, translated by Frederick H. Martens.

\* See September number, page 622.

M. Landormy, after discussing Purcell, says, 'Was not this greatest among English musicians the last as well? After him English musical history seems to come to an end.' And later, in treating of the music of to-day, England is given only a few lines, in which bare mention is made of Elgar, grouped with about a dozen others. Stanford's and Parry's names do not appear in the book, and of modern English composers, only three are singled out for special mention—Lord Berners, Goossens, and Bliss!

'I ran across Mr. Joseph Hyslop, the great Scottish tenor—one of the few native singers whose original name is good enough for him,' says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Not good enough for our contemporary, however, despite Mr. Hislop's own satisfaction.

Some folk have all the luck! The *Musical Courier* was singularly blessed in receiving a pamphlet from the press agent of a violoncellist, containing extracts from Continental papers Englished in a style worthy of the author of the *New Opera Glass*. We give a few extracts:

*Pesti Naplo*.—Rozsi Varadi established her concert Tuesday evening in the Academy Music. This evening was a great enjoy for the public and the artist get a loud applause.

*As Ujsag*.—Her studies were lead by the first musicians of Europa. Her high degree of artistic which is simply marvellous. She is destined for an anomalous musicaly success. Her future musicaly carrier will be splendid and wonderful.

*As Ujsag*.—We who frequented the Acad. of Music concerts know her talent. Her brilliant execution is magnificent at the passages, but the most beautiful ar her accords. Her tone smoothes softly at the pianos and thunders at the fortes.

*Bohemia, Pragur*.—She knows exactly to deal weath her instrument. She plays in a strong, sonorous tone accessible to the warmth as to the tenderness. She understand to form the most pretention material. Owing such a preciousness she had courage to put in her program the mighty C major Suite of Bach. She proved herself as a perfect mistress of the polyphoue style. She got a due and loud applause.

*Berliner Tageblatt*.—Under the hands of this artist the reserved violoncello is transformed into a soft, affectionate instrument which form producing any shrill or howling sound, is endeavouring to sing and to flatter in a pure, warm, full tone. It is as if the instrument wanted to cheer up her earnest countenance.

*Punch* recently gave a choice sample of the same kind of thing from a Parisian concert programme:

The andante brings us back to calm and the variations to eohich is subnatted the first idea of a very broad and simple sentiment, they offer by their ever renewed rhythmic, melodia and harmonia interest an example of rohat broadnesse the serene form of the great andantes of Beethoven can confer upon the more modern inspirations.

*Punch* adds:

We shall always be happy to have sentences like these subnatted to us.

'I find it difficult to master my liking for a tune,' says Mr. James Agate. We hope he will find it impossible. So long as the fact remains that every composer who has ever mattered very much was a tune-writer, Mr. Agate may shamelessly indulge his liking.

## The Musician's Bookshelf

*Bow Instruments: Their form and construction.* By W. J. Giltay.

[London: William Reeves.]

It is a great pity that the author of this valuable monograph did not entrust the work of translation and revision to an expert. In its original language—Dutch—Mr. Giltay's work may be all it claims to be, i.e., a readable description of the functions of the different parts constituting the violin. In the English translation it resembles nothing so much as a student's thesis. It abounds in long quotations. On pages 19 and 20, for instance, we find five paragraphs beginning: 'Huggins says,' 'Helmholtz says,' 'Van Schaik remarks,' 'Savart says,' 'Apian-Bennewitz says.' Obviously here is somewhat too much of this. The student spreading himself over an examination paper may find it a paying game to show the extent of his reading. An author, however, is expected to present his ideas in a more interesting form. It is his own conclusions that matter; the theories of others are only interesting in so far as they confirm or oppose his argument. In the first case we expect the fact to be mentioned briefly, in the second there must be discussion; in neither case is it necessary to pile up quotations. Similarly, we believe it unwise to give the quotations in the original language in the text and the translations in a foot-note, as Mr. Giltay invariably does. It is best to assume that the majority of readers are unacquainted with the niceties of other languages than that in which the book is written. In any case the translation, if adequate, ought to suffice. There are, of course, occasions when we may presume the original to be indispensable. This, however, cannot be said of the excerpt from Apian-Bennewitz on page 24, which, translated, runs:

By the jolting of the carriage-body against the frame, and *vice versa*, the equilibrium of the vehicle and the comfort of the riders will be disturbed. To prevent this, springs are used, by which, in place of the sudden hard jolts, a continuous, even, and agreeable rocking motion of the body will result.

Surely all these portentous platitudes can be summarized in a simple sentence with advantage. If Mr. Giltay had written: 'Apian-Bennewitz compares the function of the violin-bridge to that of the springs of a carriage,' he would have said all that is necessary to make his argument clear.

Apart from these errors of form, the volume has its value, as it embodies the results of the latest researches of the functions of what we may call the bones, nerves, and muscles of the bow instrument. If at any time a second edition should be contemplated, let us hope it will be given in more readable shape. F. B.

*Frederick Delius.* By Philip Heseltine.

[London: At the Bodley Head. 6s.]

Delius has lived the pure artist's life. Out of industrial art do the fine arts emerge. And it seems as though in a favourable social state there may spring out of the fine arts an 'extra-fine'—an art still further divorced from utilitarian application: remarkable plays that cannot be acted, wonderful books we hardly know how to read, pictures for which there is no imaginable home, music that can only, as it were, by accident be lured within the scope of practical performance.

(Continued on page 783.)

# Jesus, Star of Consolation

AN INTROIT OR SHORT ANTHEM FOR FOUR VOICES

Words by the Rev. Canon ALEXANDER

Music by CHARLES MACPHERSON

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

**Adagio espressivo**

**SOPRANO**  
Je - su, star . . of con - so - la - tion,

**ALTO**  
Je - su, star . . of con - so - la - tion,

**TENOR**  
Je - su, . . star . . of . . con - so - la - tion,

**BASS**  
Je - su, star . . of con - so - la - tion,

**ORGAN**  
(ad lib.)  
no Pedals

**Rock of shel - ter in temp - ta - tion, Who dost**

**Rock . . . of shel - ter . . in temp - ta - tion, Who dost**

**Rock . . . of shel - ter . . in temp - ta - tion, Who dost**

**Rock of . . shel - ter in temp - ta - tion, Who dost**

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give . . for our sal - - va - - tion Bread . . . . of

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ev - er - last - ing - ness: . . . Where Thy bless - ed saints be . .

ev - er - last - ing - ness: . . . Where . . Thy bless - ed saints be .

ev - er - last - ing - ness: . . . Where Thy bless - ed saints be . .

*p*



# JESU, STAR OF CONSOLATION

**Poco allargando** **a tempo**

*pp* *cres.*

fore Thee Kneel, . . . and si - lent - ly . . . a - dore . . . Thee, . .

*pp* *cres.*

fore Thee Kneel, and si - lent - ly a - dore . . . Thee, Je -

*pp* *cres.*

fore Thee Kneel, . . . and si - lent - ly a - dore . . . Thee, Je -

*pp*

fore Thee Kneel, . . . and si - lent - ly . . . a - dore, a - dore . .

**Poco allargando** **a tempo**

*pp*

*cres.* *mf*

Je - su, Je - su, by . . the Cross that

su . . Je - su, . . by the Cross, . . by . . the Cross that

su . . Je - su, by . . the . . Cross, . . the Cross . . that

*cres.* *f*

Thee, Je - su, Je - su, . by . . the Cross that

*cres.*

*Poco allargando*

bore . . . Thee, . . . Grant, . . . grant . . . ns

bore . . . Thee, . . . Grant, . . . grant ns

bore . . . Thee, Grant, . . . grant us . . .

bore . . . Thee, . . . Grant, . . . grant us

*Poco allargando*

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sin - - - ners to . . find, . . to find . . peace.

sin - - - ners . . . to . . find, to . . find peace.

sin - - ners . . to . . find, . . . to find . . . peace.

*Ped. 16 ft.*  
(April, 1922)

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on me

(Continued from page 778.)

Let us admit that only by a sort of accident has *A Village Romeo and Juliet* or *A Mass of Life* been performed, in this country at least. That is, of course, to our shame—to our shame as a nation, as a civilized society, and particularly to the shame (as Mr. Heseltine accuses, with an idealist's anger) of our orchestral conductors and musical journalists, who by force ought to have compelled the rest to enter a land of such milk and honey, if they would not of free will. But it is the one fault of an excellent book to enlarge so much on this shame. Here the disciple fails to attain to the spiritual detachment of his distinguished master.

For whom were *A Village Romeo* and the *Mass* written? Surely for the composer's self—they say as much from first to last. Delius, mentions our author, could at all times have afforded to blow his own trumpet, but never cared to do so. 'He lacks the talent, and indeed the desire, to keep himself in the public eye.' But here is the disciple claiming for the master what the master has despised—mere success. Although Mr. Heseltine speaks in the privilege of Delius's friendship, one ventures to accept first the evidence of Delius's music—that the appreciation of it shall be no sort of duty into which one can be argued.

Not for generations has any music argued so little as this. The disinterestedness of it—that is supremely remarkable. To go into a concert-room and hear the Violin Concerto is like finding a surprising flower blooming by itself in a wild land. Only the disinterestedness of a flower is our fancy, while this Concerto truly is a Narcissus blooming for its own sake. It is a pleasing idea that there may have existed in the world numbers of such artists who happened, with indifference, to miss the happy accident of a Beecham to bring them into daylight and a Heseltine to tell their praises.

Mr. Heseltine praises eloquently, but not without discrimination. Delius, he says, stands for all that is best in his art in the England of to-day. 'If opera be defined as a perfect correlation between music and action, then *A Village Romeo and Juliet* is one of the most flawless masterpieces that have ever been given to the world.' In *Sea-Drift* 'we seem to hear the very quintessence of all the sorrow and unrest that man can feel because of love.' Of *A Mass of Life*:

It may be that in this age of superficiality in art its very profundity militates against it. But such music is proof against the neglect of the age which gave it birth. It is, in the fullest sense of the word, a deeply religious work, and one can imagine a more spiritually enlightened generation performing it as a solemn ritual in some gigantic open-air theatre, year after year at the coming-in of summer.

But the *Requiem* 'remains the weakest of all Delius's mature works.' The *North Country Sketches* and the two pieces for small orchestra—*On hearing the first Cuckoo in Spring* and *Summer Night on the River*—are certainly his finest achievements in purely orchestral music.

The book tells with fulness the singular story of Delius's career. Delius, the son of a German merchant of Bradford, had to fight hard for his music. His

... first great musical impression [in his own words] was hearing the posthumous Valse of Chopin which a friend of my father's played for me when I was ten years old. It made a most extraordinary impression on me. Until then I had heard only Haydn, Mozart,

and Beethoven, and it was as if an entirely new world had been opened up to me. I remember that after hearing it twice I could play the whole piece through from memory.

Over music the wills of resolute father and resolute son clashed. In 1884, when he was twenty-one, he emigrated to Florida as an orange-planter. 'There he lived alone for three months without seeing a single human being, white or black,' and in those wilds he worked at counterpoint 'with demoniacal energy.'

Hardly less strange, in a way, was the long spell of years he lived in and near Paris, for there he was never affected by French music, and he is still unknown to musical France.

For all the spiritual detachment of his art, no one hearing anything of it would ever deduce a misanthrope. He may have no care for glory, but he would not be human if such generous enthusiasm as this book breathes did not come to him pleasantly. And was it hinted that Mr. Heseltine was sometimes more reproachful than persuasive? Well, his book all the same will surely persuade a good many that another chance is due for the world to hear *A Mass of Life*. C.

#### Report on the Archbishops' Committee on Church Music.

[S.P.C.K. 1s. net.]

The reviewer of a Report such as this is faced with a hard task: it is easy enough to skim the cream off a glass of milk, but how are you to proceed when you wish to skim a glass of 'milk' which happens to be all cream? This Report is of the all-cream variety, and the only satisfactory solution is to urge all choirmasters, organists, and people interested in Church music to procure a copy and sample it for themselves.

The Committee, under the chairmanship of Earl Beauchamp, was appointed by the Archbishops in May, 1922. Its members consisted of such representative people as Sir Hugh Allen, Dr. Bairstow, Sir Walford Davies, Dr. Freere (the Bishop-Designate of Truro), Archdeacon Gardner, Mr. Harvey Grace, Miss E. C. Gregory, Dr. Ley, Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson, Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, and Lady Mary Trefusis. In some quarters it was averred that such a body, representing so many different schools of thought, would never be able to agree on any one subject. As a matter of fact, however, the Report is unanimous. The Committee has earned the heartfelt thanks of all lovers of Church music for fifty pages of sound commonsense.

At the outset the Committee quite candidly admits that the state of our Church music at present is far from satisfactory. Music seems to be chosen in many places with a view rather to the attraction of hearers than to its fitness as a vehicle of devotion. At the same time, the opinion is still very generally held that 'elaborate music is, in itself, superior to simple.'

It is a pity that we should have to wait for someone to point this out to us, but now that the Committee has done so, may we never have to wait for it to be pointed out again. The ideal in all parish-church music is congregational singing, and if that ideal is continually kept in mind we need have nothing but hope for the future.

The Report reminds organists that 'The function of the organ is to be an adornment and not a necessity. When it becomes a necessity, it is in

danger of ceasing to be an adornment.' There are many practical hints to organists. One section of the Report is entitled 'The Use and Abuse of the Organ'—and it is imagined that even our most experienced players will do well to take these hints to heart. And what of the inexperienced players? We have all suffered at one time or other from the 'aimless, rhythmless wanderings, dignified by the title of "improvisations" or "extemporisations," which are so often doled out, more especially at the Holy Communion service (played on a reedy stop *plus* tremulant, with a great deal of energy in the neighbourhood of the Swell pedal); from the organist who persists in playing the top note of the first chord before the others ('so helpful to the singers, you know'); or from the organist who will interrupt the flow of the music in order to pull out more stops. In future, these and similar pleasing performances will only be given, we imagine, by 'the organist who did not read the Committee's report.'

The Committee deals in another section with the all-important subject of hymn-singing, an art which has been sadly neglected by us in the past. Until a few years ago it was impossible for us in England to have an opportunity for hearing hymns sung with such embellishments as faux-bourbons or descants; and the idea of singing hymns in unison was anathema. The Report points out that a really good tune will always stand being sung in unison, even without accompaniment. How many tunes in common use with us will pass this test?

Other sections of the Report deal with the choice and regulation of music in relation to (a) smaller town and village churches, (b) larger town churches, and (c) cathedral and collegiate churches; the musical training of the clergy; the training of choirmasters and organists; the relations subsisting between the organists and the ecclesiastical authorities; and suggestions for diocesan and central organizations. From this, the large extent of the ground covered will be seen. A most comprehensive bibliography forms a valuable appendix.

F. D. F.

## Music in the Foreign Press

BY M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

### AN ORIGIN OF BEETHOVEN'S 'SONATE PATHÉTIQUE'

In *Die Musik* (June), Richard Hohenemser writes:

I feel sure that Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique*, from the spiritual point of view, is a Fantasy on motives from Cherubini's *Medea* (which appeared in 1797, two years before the *Pathétique*). Beethoven's admiration for Cherubini is well-known, and a score of this work was found in his library. It is unlikely that he never was conscious of the relationship between his *Sonata* and *Medea*. But a comparison between the music of the final part of the first section of the great ensemble with which the second Act of *Medea* opens and the transition between the first and second themes in the *Pathétique* reveals characteristic analogies. Likewise in the *Finale* of the opera, at the moment when Neris announces that *Medea* has killed her own children, a motive appears with which Beethoven's second theme is connected. The theme of Beethoven's *Finale*, which is related to the second theme of the first movement, naturally recalls to mind the atmosphere of *Medea*.

### MODERN COMPOSERS AT DONAUESCHINGEN

The August issue (No. 17) of the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* provides useful notices of young composers represented at the Donaueschingen Festival, and their works. Information on Robert Oboussier, Frank Wohlfahrt, Alois Hába, Bruno Stürmer, Hermann Reutter, J. F. Hoff, F. F. Finke, and Philipp Jarnach is well worth filing for reference. The following remarks on Hába's 'Quarter-tone Quartet' provide food for thought and controversy:

The work lacks all the usual features of thematic working-out, developments, imitations, fugatos, sequences, &c.; nor are the usual articulations to be found in the melody. The form is altogether unrelated to anything done before. The first movement is a unit consisting of five long melodic ideas. While these are stated, other independent ideas, whose functions equal in importance those of the initial group, are introduced on the other instruments. The first three sections are constructive, the following two explain and ultimately conclude. The first part of the second movement consists of three sections whose onward motion leads to a lull (fourth section), after which the conclusion is reached via three more sections.

### A FORGOTTEN SPANIARD

In the *Revista Musical Catalana* (June-July), Alfred Romea retraces the career of Ferran Sor (1778-1839), composer and guitarist, whose operas and ballets enjoyed their hour of fame in London, at Moscow, and elsewhere, and whose compositions for guitar are described as occupying paramount importance in the literature of that instrument.

### MENDELSSOHN'S EARLY OPERAS

In the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (June-July), Georg Schünemann examines Mendelssohn's early operas, and concludes:

To produce *Camacho*, an immature and unimaginative work, was a mistake. The first performance was a failure, and from that moment Mendelssohn decided to give up further attempts to write for the lyric stage. His friends never succeeded in producing a suitable libretto for him. We may well deplore that he should not have conquered in the province of the comic opera the distinguished place that might have been his.

### A VIEW ON STRAVINSKY

In the *Revue Musicale* (August), Emile Vuillermoz writes:

Stravinsky has mastered the secret of rhythmical pathos. Rhythm is the most telling element in the beauty of *Noces*, a recondite work, but one that conquered our public forthwith. Were I the head of some great ironworks such as Le Creusot, I should (I speak in all earnestness) organize a great Festival of Labour, and commission Stravinsky to write a score in which all the instruments in the factory would play their part: sledge-hammers, sirens, metal-saws, drills, steam-engines, gas-engines, and others, together with a few simple but striking tunes sung by all the workers. And I am sure that under these conditions he would create a wonderful masterpiece.

### BORODIN

Recent additions to the scanty literature that existed on Borodin having consisted mainly of disparagement, it is interesting to note, simultaneously with Edwin Evans's praise of his music in *Music and Letters*, the appearance in *Die Musik* (July) of a highly laudatory essay by W. Kahl:

It is no exaggeration to say that his B minor Symphony is one of the most significant things written in the post-Beethoven period. His harmony is that of a genuine innovator whose quest for novel



effects—originating not in mere speculations, but in a sound and genuinely musical impulse—reaches far ahead of his times.

#### ONE MORE VIEW ON SCHÖNBERG

The *Nouvelle Revue Musicale* (July) quotes the following from an article by Jean Marnold in the July *Mercur de France*:

Schönberg began by imitating Brahms so heavily and so fatuously that he eventually became aware of his own ineptitude. He strove to rise out of the rut, and *Pierrot Lunaire* is certainly the most successful of his efforts. Musically, however, it is a mere fabrication, in which the mechanical methods of scholastic counterpoint are slavishly and arbitrarily applied. The sonorities may now and then amuse the ear, but it is all very artificial, meaningless, and facile.

#### AN UNKNOWN COMPOSER

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (October), S. Wittig speaks in terms of warm praise of four operas by Prof. Paul Graener, who succeeded Max Reger at the Leipzig Conservatorium. His *Byzans* especially, we are told, is a beautiful work. None of the four has yet been performed.

#### MORE ON SCRIBIN

The second number (nominally May) of *K Novym Beregam* contains an article by L. Sabaneiev on Scriabin's unpublished manuscripts and sketch-books, which are described as containing a wealth of highly-interesting material, and to afford a curious insight into his methods of composing.

#### THE FATE OF THE NEUE MUZIKZEITUNG

In the September issue of this periodical the proprietors announce that economic conditions compel them temporarily to suspend publication. The journal will be resumed as soon as possible.

## Gramophone Notes

By 'DISCUS'

Only a few weeks ago the H.M.V. put forth records of Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic* Symphony, and now here is the Columbia Company with the same work, played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood (four 12-in. d.s.). This can hardly be a case of follow-my-leader; the recording must have been going on at pretty much the same time. Still, it is a pity. Gramophonists would rather either party had taken some other work. Comparisons between the two recordings are inevitable. Roughly speaking, the H.M.V. performance (conducted, you will remember, by Sir Landon Ronald) was conspicuously brilliant. Sir Henry Wood's is more emotional. If you still take Tchaikovsky emotion as seriously as it was taken when the Symphony first laid hold of London, you will no doubt prefer the Columbia records. For my part, the things about Tchaikovsky that still give me keen pleasure are his scoring and his brilliant decorative work. That is why I prefer the H.M.V. set. It emphasises the composer's strong points. But both Companies are to be thanked for a real feat in recording.

H.M.V. send two d.s. of Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*, conducted by Albert Coates. This is a good record, but not, I think, among the very pick. The scoring comes out with less clearness than we expect. It is pretty certain that the gramophone is

a merciless shower-up of bad vocal method. Perhaps it is a no less severe test of orchestration. At all events, I have noticed that almost without exception Wagner comes out splendidly, and Strauss, as a rule, less well. Yet Strauss is a master of scoring. Somebody with a scientific bent and lots of spare time should go into this problem. It will probably turn out to be a matter of the composer's use of instruments over-rich, or not rich enough, in the higher harmonics; or in the texture of the lower and middle part of the score; or in the character and general 'lie' of the bass—or any other reason why. Anyhow, this difference between Wagner and Strauss is well exemplified in the records I take up next—two 12-in. d.s. of the 'Love Duet' from *Tristan*, conducted by Albert Coates, with Florence Austral and Tudor Davies singing. These are splendidly successful, full of glow and colour (H.M.V.).

Chamber music is a good line this month. Not often are we so favoured as in the Columbia Company's three 12-in. d.s. of Arthur Catterall and Hamilton Harty playing Mozart's Violin and Pianoforte Sonata in A, Op. 8, No. 1. The clearness and purity of tone are delightful, and in regard to balance I have only one fault to find. In the *Finale* the violin is too prominent at the opening, where the pianoforte has the more important part. A word should be said on the excellence of the pianoforte tone. Why is it that all through this long work we get scarcely a jarring note? Probably because Mr. Harty, being engaged in an ensemble performance, plays instead of hitting. We rarely find bad tone in records of good song accompaniment; only when great pianists—the very people we should look to for tonal beauty—get to work do we suffer from jangling.

The Beatrice Hewitt Pianoforte Quartet is recorded by H.M.V. in Gabriel Fauré's C minor Quartet, one of the best of modern chamber works. The playing and recording are alike worthy (two 12-in. d.s.). The *Scherzo* from Beethoven's C minor Quartet, Op. 18, No. 4, is not one of his hurling examples. The Flonzaley players give it a clear, precise performance which, I think, rather over-emphasises its good behaviour. The recording is capital (H.M.V. 10-in.).

It is a pleasure to hear again the admirable English String Quartet. The Columbia Company records them in a couple of Glazounov movements—*Oriente* and *All' Ungherese*, from Op. 15.

In the string department, nothing better has come my way than the *Æ.-Voc.* 12-in. d.s. of Jelly d'Aranyi and Adile Fachiri playing the slow movement of Bach's D minor Concerto for two violins. This great, heart-easing music is a lasting pleasure. Yet how simple the means! Two single strands of melody, over an accompaniment of plain detached chords—the latter in this case played on the pianoforte by Ethel Hobday. Here is a record to keep within easy reach; when you have a touch of the hump, put it on. And sometimes when you haven't.

Other violin records are of Renée Chemet (a Mozart-Kreisler *Rondo*, H.M.V. 12-in.) and Albert Sammons (a Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dance and Old English Songs and Dances arranged by Randall, *Æ.-Voc.* 10-in. d.s.).

Of the large batch of vocal records, I have space to mention only a few. Raymond Ellis shows a good voice and expressive style in the old Hebrew melody, *Yom Kippur* (*Cry of Atonement*) and Runkisky's *Der Yisim!* (*The Orphan*), sung in Hebrew; Horace Stevens's fine ringing voice gives us a couple of

unusually good records of oratorio airs—*The trumpet shall sound* and *Lord God of Abraham*, both with orchestral accompaniment. The trumpet obbligato in the Handel air is brilliantly played by A. E. Hall, and, what is more, it comes out brilliantly. Here is the nearest approach to real brass tone I have so far heard on the gramophone. The secret seems to be: when recording place your brass player nearer the gadget. For such as like Schubert's *Death and the Maiden* there is Elena Gerhardt's singing of it in German, a record by Æ.Voc. (10-in.). Is there a more dismal ditty than this? I hope not.

An excellent flute record is that of John Amadio, brilliantly tootling his way through the Gounod-de-Jong *Faust Fantasia* (Æ.Voc. 10-in. d.s.).

I mention last an enjoyable record of an unusual type—two banjo solos wonderfully played by Fred van Eps (Æ.Voc. 10-in. d.s.). Hitherto I have lumped the banjo with the zither and the ocarina as touching the limit in futility. But after hearing this record I take off my hat to it. And to Mr. van Eps.

## Church and Organ Music

H. MATTHIAS TURTON

To the growing number of British musicians seeking to establish themselves in the New World must be added Mr. H. Matthias Turton, conductor of the Leeds New Choral Society, and organist of St. Aidan's (the Woodford Memorial at Leeds), who has accepted an organ appointment at Chatham, Ontario. For many years Mr. Turton has been one of the foremost musicians in Yorkshire. Curiously enough, in 1902 he succeeded Mr. (now Dr.) H. A. Fricker as organist of St. Aidan's, and is thus following the lead of his predecessor, who went to Toronto in 1917, and who has recently won considerable renown by his brilliant work with the Mendelssohn Choir. Mr. Turton's talents lie in two directions: as a solo organist and as a choral conductor. His sympathies in organ music are largely with the modern school of Harwood, Bonnet, Dupré, and Vierne. He has done a good deal of pioneer work in the North as an interpreter of their works, particularly of Vierne's Organ Symphonies, which he has repeatedly played at St. Aidan's. As a choral conductor he has shown a great predilection for Bach. The Leeds New Choral Society, founded by Mr. Turton in quite a modest way around the nucleus of his Church work, has instituted an annual performance of *The Christmas Oratorio* in Leeds Town Hall, besides giving, from time to time, a number of the Church Cantatas and the Magnificat. On numerous occasions from 1905 to 1917, Mr. Turton appeared at the municipal organ recitals in Leeds Town Hall, and could always be relied upon to present an enlightened programme, and to perform it capably. Of quiet, unassuming disposition, it is probable that his enthusiastic work for good music has hardly received the wide attention that it merits, and we hope that in his new sphere of activity he may meet with the success that his gifts deserve. A. J. D.

### WESTMINSTER ABBEY SPECIAL SERVICE CHOIR

We have received the report of the 1922-23 season's activities of this body, and a highly satisfactory report it is. The list of works performed since the Choir's inception is imposing—four of the big Bach works, twelve by Byrd, eight by Blow, four by Palestrina, four by Stanford, with about forty others, old and new. Many have been sung more than once—a good feature. The financial position is so unusual as to call for comment. The expenses of the four services last season amounted to about £400; the collections and subscriptions amounted to £566, leaving a comfortable balance. The largest collection was at the performance of the *St. Matthew Passion*—£104 5s. 2d., which left a margin on the right side. A feature that appeals to us very much is the large

number of boys in the Choir, drawn from over a dozen London parish churches. It is difficult to over-estimate the value of bringing these youngsters into close touch with so much fine choral music of all schools. There are a few vacancies for basses, tenors, and altos, who must be first-rate readers. Application should be made to the Secretary, W.A.S.C., The Song School, The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W.1. Fixtures for the coming season are: December 10, Unaccompanied Motets (including Bach's *Sing ye to the Lord* and Meyerbeer's 91st Psalm); April 7, *St. Matthew Passion* (with orchestra); June 2, Unaccompanied Motets, &c. Rehearsals are held at St. John's Church, Westminster, on Monday evenings. Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson, the hon. conductor, has every reason to be proud of having in so short a time created this fine addition to London's musical activities.

### SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

Brahms's *Requiem*, and Elgar's *For the Fallen and Last Chords*, will be sung on Saturday, November 10, at 3 p.m. The London Symphony Orchestra will play. No tickets are required. A fine list of works is announced for the special musical services during the coming winter. Programmes may be had on application to the Succentor, St. Saviour's Rectory, Sumner Street, S.E.1. (Stamped addressed envelope should be sent.)

### 'THE ORGAN'

This admirable quarterly continues to maintain its standard. The current issue contains, among many other good things, an article on the organs of the Temple Church (Andrew Freeman), the organ in the Wanamaker Building at New York (Charles A. Radzinsky), the organ music of Parry (A. W. Wilson), and 'The Organ in Victorian Poetry,' a pleasantly discursive paper by D. Batigan Verne. Illustrations are, as usual, a strong feature.

An appeal is made by the Rev. Andrew Amos, Rector of St. Mary's, Rotherhithe, on behalf of the organ lately transferred to that church from St. Olave's, Southwark. The instrument was built about a century ago, and was at one time regarded as among the finest in London (it possessed, by the way, a curiosity in the shape of a 32-ft. on the manual). Unfortunately the organ is useless in its new home until it has undergone extensive repairs. Rotherhithe is a poor quarter, and the St. Mary's congregation is hoping that some of its fellow-church-folk in better-off parts of London will lend a hand. At present the organ is silent. Those who wish to help it to speak should write to Mr. Amos, at the Rectory, Rotherhithe, S.E.16.

At St. Michael's, Croydon, on October 3 (being in the octave of the Patronal Festival), an admirable musical service was given, when seven works of Byrd were performed—the two Fantasias for strings, *Ave Verum*, *Ave Maria*, *Lullaby*, *Have mercy upon me*, and *Non nobis*—Bach's *Jesu, Joy of man's desiring* and the tenor solo *Lift up your heads* (vocalist, Mr. Francis Mitchell), Elgar's *Larghetto* for strings, Goss's *The Wilderness*, Glazounov's *Interludium in modo antico* for string quartet, and Oldroyd's eight-part unaccompanied setting of *Nunc dimittis*. Mr. W. H. Reed led the strings, Mr. E. V. Hutley was at the organ, and Dr. George Oldroyd conducted. The church was filled.

The Byrd-Weekes Centenary was observed at Winchester Cathedral on September 27, when Motets, &c., by both composers were sung by the Cathedral Choir. Byrd's two String Fantasias and *Earle of Salisbury's Pavan* were played by a string sextet led by Miss Dorothy Blunt. Byrd's Fantasia in C, and a Galliard, were given as organ solos by Miss Hilda Bird. Dr. Prendergast conducted.

Mr. Albert Sammons and Mr. Stanley Curtis will give a violin-organ recital at St. Paul's Church, Portman Square, on November 20, at 8. Organ recitals will be given at this church on November 3, 10, 17, and 24, by Mr. Stanley Curtis, Mr. H. L. Balfour Dr. Hewson, and Mr. Arnold Greir respectively.

A recital of Old English church and organ music was given by the choir of Clapham Congregational Church, on April 10, under the direction of Mr. Henry F. Hall, organist and choirmaster of the church. The recital included Byrd's *Sing joyfully unto God and Christe qui lux es et dies*, and Motets and anthems by Purcell, Philips, Morley, Gibbons, and Dowland. Mr. Reginald Redman was at the organ, and played pieces by Purcell, Attwood, and Byrd. Hymns with faux-bourdon and treble descants were also included in the recital.

We are glad to see so many common-sense efforts being made in the direction of stimulating church people's interest in the organ and service music. A good example is that of St. Mary's, Guildford, where Dr. C. F. Waters issues a monthly music list, whereon are printed details of all that is to be performed, from hymns to organ voluntaries, together with a few well-written notes on the composers and the music. It is good to hear that this step is encouraged by the clergy and appreciated by the congregation.

A musical festival will be held at St. Michael's, Cornhill, on November 5 to 8. Dinner-hour organ recitals will be given by Dr. Harold Darke, Mr. G. Thalben Ball, Mr. G. D. Cunningham, and Dr. Charles Macpherson. In the evenings (at six o'clock) the St. Michael's Singers, under Dr. Darke, will sing a Parry programme, the *Mass* in B minor, works by Vaughan Williams, and others, and Bach's cantata, *O Christ, my all in living*.

In addition to his regular Tuesday organ recitals at one o'clock, Mr. Herbert Hodge has arranged a series of oratorio performances at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey on the fourth Wednesday in each month, at 6.15 p.m. The first of the series was announced for October 24—a selection from *The Messiah*, with Miss Gertrude Dunthorne, Miss Fanny Emerson, Mr. Ben Morgan, and Mr. Kenneth Ellis, as soloists.

The 1923-24 session of the Sheffield and District Organists' and Choirmasters' Association opened with an excellent recital at the Cathedral by Mr. H. Goss Custard, organist of Liverpool Cathedral, followed by the annual dinner at the Angel Restaurant. The principal guests were Dr. Henry Coward and Mr. Goss Custard. A very enjoyable evening was spent under the chairmanship of the president, Mr. Joseph Burgess.

Latest additions to the series of music issued in Braille by the National Institute for the Blind include the following church and organ music: Anthems, *O come, Redeemer of mankind*, John E. West; *God is a Spirit* (arr. for male voices), Sterndale Bennett; Voluntary in G minor, John Stanley; Fantasia on Christmas Carols, Best; *The Lyric Organist* (vol. 3), edited by Stanley Roper; and *Meditation in Ancient Tonality*, Harvey Grace.

Lectures, &c., on 'Ecclesiastical Music' are being given at King's College. Fixtures for November are: 5, Hymn-Singing Practice in the Chapel (tunes by Bach); 12, Carols from the Second Cowley Carol Book, the Rev. G. R. Woodward; 19, Carol practice in the Chapel; 26, William Byrd and Thomas Weelkes, Dr. E. H. Fellowes. The hour is 5.30. Admission is free.

Mr. Alfred Hollins and the Potteries Choral Society joined forces in an excellent programme at Victoria Hall, Hanley, on September 27. Mr. Hollins played Bach's Toccata in F, the *Magic Flute* Overture, and pieces of his own. The choir sang part-songs by Elgar, Sullivan, Hollins, and Stanford. Mr. Carl Oliver conducted.

At All Saints' Church, Gloucester, a new organ and screen were dedicated recently. The organ, by Mr. J. J. Binns, of Sheffield, is a three-manual of twenty-nine stops and a good array of pistons. The programme of the opening does not tell us who played the inaugural recital.

Mr. Herbert Weatherby begins his winter series of organ recitals at St. John's, Wilton Road, S.W., on November 3, at 5.30. On November 11, Cherubini's *Requiem Mass* will be sung at St. John's, at 11, preceded at 10.40 by the Mechlin Litany, in procession.

Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper have lately erected organs in St. John's Church, West Ealing (three manuals, twenty-eight stops), Oxton Road Congregational Church, Birkenhead (two manuals, nineteen stops), and St. John's Church, Burscough Bridge (two manuals, twenty stops).

The dedication and opening of the first portion of the new organ at the Temple Church will take place on November 3, at 3 p.m. Mr. Allan Brown will give a recital, and the City Temple Choral Society and well-known soloists will sing.

At All Souls', Langham Place, W., lunch-hour organ recitals will be given on November 2, 10, 30 and December 14 by the following blind organists in the order named: Mr. W. Wolstenholme, Mr. T. Percival Dean, Mr. H. V. Spanner, and Mr. H. C. Warrilow.

A wonderful record of service is that of Mr. I. M. Truelove, who has been organist of Powderham Church, Exeter, for fifty-nine years, during which period he has had only eight Sundays off duty.

Another fine record: on September 21, Mr. E. W. Savage completed forty years' work as organist of St. Thomas's Church, Winchester.

A lecture on carols will be given at St. Mary Aldermay, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., on November 24, at 3, by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, illustrated by a small choir.

The fine organ at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, recently rebuilt, is to be heard in recitals by Mr. William Ratcliffe on the Tuesday evenings in November, at 6 o'clock.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the Lambeth degree of Mus. Doc. on Mr. C. H. Moody, of Ripon Cathedral—a well-deserved honour.

Mr. Augustus Toop has resigned the post of organist and choirmaster at St. Peter's, Vere Street, W., after thirty-two years' service.

#### ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. A. E. Davies, St. Paul's, Clacton-on-Sea—Sonata in A minor, *Rheinberger*; Two Sketches, *Schumann*.

Mr. Cyril Fogwell, before the Hampshire Association of Organists, 'Colintraive', Southampton—Fantasia in C, *Byrd*; Largo and Fugue, *Russell*; Psalm-Prelude No. 1, *Howells*; Sonata in C sharp minor, *Harwood*.

Mr. J. A. Sowerbutts, St. Lawrence Jewry—Introduction and Theme Fugue, *Gigout*; 'The Sea,' *H. A. Smith*; Scherzo in A, *Reger*; Prelude in B flat, *Harwood*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Marcia Eroica, *Stanford*; Psalm-Prelude No. 1, *Howells*; Sonata No. 1, *Rheinberger*. (Collection for Organists' Benevolent League.)

Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—Sonata No. 3, *Mendelssohn*; Sonata No. 11, *Rheinberger*; Fantasia and Fugue in G, *Parry*; Fantasia and Toccata, *Stanford*.

Mr. Allan Brown, Romford Road Congregational Church, Forest Gate—Sonata No. 7, *Rheinberger*; Fugue in G minor (the 'Great'), *Bach*; Canon in B minor, *Schumann*; 'Finlandia.'

Dr. W. H. Speer, Winchelsea Parish Church—Sonata in F minor, *Speer*; Bridal March, *Parry*; Finale from Concerto, *Arne*.

Mr. John Pullen, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Sonata No. 11, *Rheinberger*; Pièce Héroïque, *Frank*; Rhapsody, *Grace*; Communion and Sortie, *Vierne*.

Mr. J. Soar, St. David's Cathedral—Symphony No. 6, *Widor*; Sonata No. 5, *Gulnair*; Pastoral Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Fugue on B A C H (No. 6), *Schumann*.

Mr. Alban Hamer, Bloemfontein Cathedral—Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*; Pastorale, *Frank*; Réverie on 'University,' *Grace*; Heroic Postlude, *Rowley*.

Mr. Frank Newman, St. John's Lowestoft—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Legend, *Grace*; Pastorale, *Frank*.

Mr. Percy Richardson, All Saints', Whitwood Mere—Overture to 'Samson'; 'Autumn Thoughts,' *Jongen*; Prelude on 'Rhosymedre,' *Vaughan Williams*; Andante, Scherzo, and Finale (Symphony No. 4), *Widor*.

Dr. R. Walker Robson, Christ Church, Crouch End—Passacaglia in D minor, *Reger*; Ricercare, *Rheinberger*; Finale (Sonata in E), *Merkel*.

Mr. H. Bentley, St. John's, Lowestoft—Grand Cortège, *Lemare*; Rhapsody No. 3, *Saint-Saëns*; Preludes on Welsh Hymn-Tunes, *Vaughan Williams*; Legend, *Grace*; Final-Marche, *Boellmann*.

Mr. H. C. J. Churchill, Central Hall, Westminster—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; 'Cuckoo and Nightingale' Concerto; Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*; Meditation, *d'Éry*.

Dr. E. J. Rendell, St. Martin's, Caerphilly—Sonata No. 4, *Mendelssohn*; Evening Song, *Baird*; Gothic Suite, *Boellmann*.

Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, St. Mary Magdalene, Ashton-upon-Mersey—Psalm-Prelude No. 1, *Howells*; Fantaisie, *Frank*; Cradle Song and Scherzo, *Grace*; Prière, *Jongen*.

Mr. James Easson, Parish Church, St. Andrews—Sonatina, *Karg-Elert*; Sonata, *Elgar*; Chorale Preludes by *Bach*, *Parry*, *Charles Wood*, and *Harold Darke*.

Dr. Louis A. Hamand, Malvern Priory—Overture in F minor, *Hollins*; Pièce Héroïque, *Frank*; Air in D and Prelude on 'Now be joyful,' *Bach*.

Mr. Cyril Pearce, St. Mary's Baptist Church, Norwich—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Largo from Sonata No. 5, *Bach*; Toccata, *Rheinberger*.

Mr. J. T. Horne, St. Mary's, Youghal—Agitato, Sonata No. 11, *Rheinberger*; Evening Song, *Baird*; Marche Héroïque, *Saint-Saëns*.

Mr. H. T. Gilberthorpe, St. Peter's, Shaldon—Allegretto, *Lemmens*; Adagio, Allegro, and Fugue, *Stanley*; Melody, *West*; Final, *Frank*.

Mr. Gordon A. Slater, Boston Parish Church—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Two Preludes, *Stanford*; Finale, 'New World' Symphony.

Mr. Hubert S. Middleton, Truro Cathedral—Passacaglia and Prelude on 'Now Thank we all our God,' *Bach*; Finale from Symphony No. 1, *Vierne*; Postlude on 'Martyrs' and Meditation in ancient tonality, *Grace*; Prelude on 'Winchester New,' *West*; Choral No. 2, *Frank*; Pean, *Harwood*.

Mr. W. Greenhouse Allt, St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh—Prelude on 'In dulci jubilo' and Gavotte in D, *Bach*; Sonata in the style of Handel, *Wolstenholme*; Toccata on 'Pange lingua,' *Baird*; Réverie on 'University,' *Grace*.

Mr. Herbert Walton, Westminster Cathedral—Preludio, *Rheinberger*; Toccata and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Scherzo (Sonata No. 5), *Guilmant*.

Mr. Herbert Ellingford, Westminster Cathedral—Prelude and Fugue in F major and A minor, *Bach*; Fantasia and Fugue, 'Ad Nos,' *List*; 'Pièce Héroïque,' *Frank*; Legend, *Grace*.

#### APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Arthur Billingsley, organist and choirmaster, Ottery St. Mary Parish Church, and music-master, King's School.

Mr. Cyril S. Christopher, organist and choirmaster, Swedenborgian Church, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Mr. Wilfrid E. Harris, organist, St. James the Great, Bethnal Green, and Victoria Park Hospital Chapel.

Mr. H. Cyril Robinson, organist and choirmaster, St. John's, Barmouth.

Mr. Godfrey Seatts, organist and choirmaster, St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, N.W.

Mr. F. C. J. Swanton, organist, St. Philip and St. James, Bootertown, Co. Dublin.  
Mr. Hugh Taylor, organist and choirmaster, St. James's, George Street, Manchester.

ERRATUM.—In the October issue, under 'Appointments,' for 'Westcliff Parish Church,' read 'Westcliff Congregational Church.'

## The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Pianist desires to meet instrumentalists (old and young) in Malden or district with a view to forming a small orchestra or an octet. He also wishes to meet young instrumentalists (beginners) with a view to encouraging them in the same way.—L. BOWEN, 93, Elm Road, New Malden.

Experienced amateur would like to join as first oboe good orchestral society meeting in City, West-End, or North London on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday evenings. Sharp pitch.—E. W. E. B., 19, Heathville Road, Crouch Hill, N.10.

Pianist and 'cellist wish to meet really good violinist (lady or gentleman) for weekly practice of trios. Must be good reader.—Mrs. H. KERR, 15, Wickham Road, Brockley, S.E.4.

Lady pianist wishes to meet violinist and 'cellist for mutual practice, or another pianist for duets. Hampstead district.—O. M., c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady viola player seeks practice with other strings. Streatham or neighbourhood preferred.—OMEGA, c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady would like to join quartet as violist or violinist, good sight-reader, for mutual practice (evenings or Sunday). 'Cellist wanted to join quartet, must be good sight-reader.—E. HOVEDEN, Sheen House, Sheen Lane, East Sheen, S.W.14.

A good accompanist (lady) wishes to meet, for mutual practice, lady or gentleman studying difficult works, vocal or instrumental.—N. Q., 20, Hilda Road, Brixton, S.W.9. Wanted, for old-established amateur orchestral society rehearsing in Central London, a few good violinists, a viola, bassoon, trombone, flute, clarinet, and anyone who would be willing to play a harmonium or small reed organ.—Write, G. P., c/o *Musical Times*.

Orchestral and vocal accompanist (lady) would like to meet instrumentalists and vocalist with a view to practice.—C. H. B., 12, Tudor Road, Upper Norwood.

Contralto (Kensington) wishes to meet good accompanist for mutual practice. Good music only.—E. M. C., c/o *Musical Times*.

Pianist (lady) and 'cellist (gentleman) wish to meet violinists Mondays and Thursdays, 7.30-9.30 p.m., for mutual pleasure; good varied collection of music.—PIANO, 66, Patshull Road, Camden Road, N.W.1.

Lady pianist wishes to meet good and enthusiastic instrumentalists for mutual practice.—22, Leslie Park Road, East Croydon.

Dorian Symphony Orchestra, Westminster (capable and enthusiastic amateurs), requires few strings—especially viola players—including a good 'cellist as principal, and bassoonist. Rehearsals (best classical and modern music), Mondays, 7.30 p.m.—Write SECRETARY, 30, The Green, Twickenham.

Amateur organist, willing to assist at services in exchange for organ practice. Forest Gate district.—E. J. B., 71, Elmhurst Road, Forest Gate, E.7.

'Cellist required to complete pianoforte quartet. Good reader essential.—Mrs. FRAME, 22, Enmore Road, Putney, S.W.15.

Keen amateur pianist and violinist desire to meet male 'cellist with a view to forming trio: classics.—Write, W. H., 9, Celia Road, Tufnell Park, N.10.



East Sheen Orchestral Society meets weekly at 8 o'clock on Friday evenings at the Edgar Hall, Palmerston Road, East Sheen, S.W.14, and offers splendid facilities to all instrumentalists. In rehearsal: Overture, *Magic Flute* (Mozart), Symphony, *Unfinished* (Schubert), *Benedictus* (Mackenzie), *Faust* ballet music, Bach *Brandenburg* Concerto, Hungarian Dances.—Hon. Sec., G. T. HALL, 160, St. Leonard's Road, S.W.14.

The Purcell Musical Society (Clapham, Balham, and District), meeting at the Parochial Hall, Oldridge Road, Balham, on Mondays, at 7.45 p.m., would welcome altos, tenors, and basses. Part-songs and small choral works.—W. J. CHITTENDEN, hon. secretary, 2, Dents Road, S.W.11.

Male alto would like to join a male quartet, for mutual practice and enjoyment.—HARRY J. TROTT, 1a, Adeney Road, Hammersmith, W.6.

Violinist would like to meet pianist and/or 'cellist for mutual practice. Dublin.—H. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Pianist wishes to meet instrumentalists with view to forming a small orchestra. He would also like to join a jazz band.—S. BOGEN, 49, Finsbury Park Road, N.4.

North London Philharmonic Society (for the performance of high-class choral and orchestral music). Rehearsals held at Spenceley Hall, Brooke Road, Stoke Newington, N.16. New members will be welcomed, particularly in the orchestra.—Apply secretary, Mr. JOHN H. CHISHAM, 30, Broke Road, Queen's Road, Dalston, E.8, or Mr. J. E. MCKNIGHT (orchestral secretary), 56, Forburg Road, N.16.

Stockport, Cheshire.—A musical circle is being formed in the Davenport district for amateurs, students, and professionals. The aim of the circle is to bring together young musicians to play, hear, and discuss good music. No fees.—Apply D. M. C., c/o *Musical Times*.

In response to inquiries we recently gave particulars of some musical clubs in London. We have just received the prospectus of the Society of Women Musicians, 74, Grosvenor Street, W.1, an organization that will meet the needs of many of our readers. The hon. secretary is Miss KATHARINE EGGER, at the above address.—EDITOR.

## Letters to the Editor

### A HANDEL FESTIVAL OF THE LATE SEVENTIES

SIR,—In destroying some old papers I found the enclosed impression of a Handel Festival—conducted by Sir Michael Costa more than fifty years ago—as enjoyed by a girl of eighteen. There were few 'scoffers' in those days! But one has lived to enjoy likewise Byrd Tercentenaries:

'June 24 [about 1870].

'I must write to tell you how very much I enjoyed the Handel Festival. At two o'clock the orchestra was filled with four thousand performers, about four hundred instrumentalists and upwards of three thousand five hundred vocalists, with Sir Michael Costa at their head. It was really a sight worth seeing. Uncle "A," and I had a book each with music and words. I took a pencil and marked all the parts I liked best. It was quite exquisite, and I should think the choruses were quite unequalled, and the way they all came in, in the most intricate parts, was perfect—not the slightest hesitation. The "Hailstone Chorus" was magnificent, and was encored. (I think that and "The Lord is a Man of war" were the only encores permitted.)

'The chorus "But as for His people" was, I think, almost the most beautiful of any, especially one passage, "He led them forth like sheep"—a soft, lovely air, coming over and over again, being taken up by the four different kinds of voices separately, then one blending into another deliciously. "The horse and his rider" was splendid. "Thou shalt bring them in" was beautifully sung by Madame Patey.

'Every bit of it was beautiful, but I think those are some of the parts that I liked the best. I never quite knew whether I liked choruses before, but I do know that I liked those. It was over a little after 5, and such a crowd coming out; but such a nice, orderly crowd, no pushing or squeezing, one was only obliged to stand still until it was possible to go on.

'On the Thursday I went to an amateur concert at the Hanover Square Rooms. The music was very bad—the only thing I cared for was the organ, which has a beautiful tone, and is considered a very good one. I liked it better than that at the Crystal Palace. I certainly think that I enjoyed the Festival the next day all the better for having heard those bad choruses the night before.'

Yours, &c., 'AN OLD SUBSCRIBER,'  
Bournemouth.

### 'MODERN ORGAN STOPS'

SIR,—I wish sincerely to thank your reviewer for his excellent summary of the contents of my book 'Modern Organ Stops,' and for his kindly criticism of the work as a whole. I should, however, be grateful if you could afford me an opportunity for defending myself against one or two minor criticisms which might be magnified into serious defects by any who have not read the actual text.

(1.) It is suggested that the condemnation of 'looseness of expression' is inconsistent with certain grammatical errors which mar the author's own work. To begin with, the 'looseness of expression' referred to in the preface is connected with *technical terminology* and not with syntax, and one of the principal aims of the book is to establish among *practical craftsmen* a correct use of scientific terms in place of the loose vocabulary now in vogue. The example of bad syntax quoted *verbatim* by your reviewer ('each type may be found dealt with under their respective names') disappears when the complete sentence is read—'Extreme latitude is admissible in the treatment of flutes, and each type may be found dealt with under their respective names'—that is, under the names of the various *flutes*, not *types*. Any other method of expression *would* have been loose.

(2.) How my 'most lyrical moment' is 'badly let down by a misquotation' is known only to your worthy reviewer, since the paragraph referred to is entirely innocent of a single quotation.—Yours, &c.,  
NOEL BONAVIA-HUNT.

96, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

October 3, 1923.

[Our reviewer writes that the quotation he referred to occurs on page 13, and stands thus: "... brings all Heaven before one's eyes"—'one's' being wrong. He still criticises the 'each . . . their . . . respective.' May we give an editorial opinion? 'Respective' and 'respectively' are always bad unless they connect two lists, thus: 'A, B, and C went out wearing brown, black, and green hats respectively.' Probably Mr. Bonavia-Hunt meant that types of flutes were dealt with under the names of flutes. Our reviewer was careful to remark that his two criticisms were small points, and did not affect the value of the book as a whole.—EDITOR.]

### AN INTERESTING MODEL

SIR,—I wonder how many visitors to the Handel Festival have seen the large Model of the Orchestra which used to stand near the central transept of the Crystal Palace, but which, the last time I saw it, was tucked away in an obscure gallery? The model is interesting, and I suggest is of historic value, for it shows on each step of the two main gangways a 'cello and double-bass, and demonstrates the means used in the early days to 'pull together' an inexperienced and untrustworthy chorus by aid of the more expert instrumentalists. It is to be hoped that the model will be preserved.—Yours, &c.,

298, Stanstead Road, B. VINE WESTBROOK.  
Forest Hill, S.E.23.

## HENRY ECCLES'S BORROWINGS

SIR,—It is generally accepted that the morality of composers in the 18th century was not sufficiently rigid to prevent them from borrowing ideas (and occasionally something more) from obscure predecessors or contemporaries. The remedy of a costly action for infringement of copyright did not exist, and it was only in exceptional cases, such as that of Buononcini and Lotti, that public opinion, when such impudent thefts were exposed, chose to consider itself outraged. A writer in a recent issue of *Die Musik* has drawn attention to a number of more or less familiar pilferings among musicians. One of these, as it concerns an English composer, may be of interest to your readers. Henry Eccles, the second son of the eccentric Solomon Eccles, and younger brother of John Eccles, was a violinist in the Royal Band of Queen Anne; subsequently he migrated to Paris, where he is said to have lived until his death in about 1742. At Paris, Henry Eccles published two sets of Sonatas for violin and bass. The first volume appeared in 1720, and in the dedication to 'Monsieur le Chevalier Gage, Gentilhomme Anglois,' Eccles says that he has 'travaillé avec tous les soins possible' in order that the Sonatas may deserve his patron's protection. (Incidentally it may be said that the 'Chevalier Gage' was probably Sir William Gage, seventh baronet, of Fittle, Sussex. He came of an old Roman Catholic family, succeeded his brother in 1713, conformed to the Protestant religion, and was M.P. for Seaford until his death in 1744.) Eccles's Sonatas are very rare, but there are copies of both books in the Library of the British Museum. Musical dictionaries agree in saying that they are written in the style of Corelli, which is not the case; though if they had been said to be written in the style of Giuseppe Valentini the criticism would be fully justified, for the first book (at which Eccles says he worked so hard) is full of the most barefaced thefts from the *Allegretti per Camera*—the Op. 8 of the Florentine composer. According to Eitner there is an edition of this work dated 1714, and it was reprinted by Walsh & Hare in London—probably in the 'twenties of the 18th century. The whole of Eccles's work cannot be assigned to Valentini, though the first, fourth, eighth, and ninth Sonatas are mostly taken note for note from the *Allegretti*, and it would be interesting to discover whether he drew upon some other composer for the rest of the book. No thefts have so far been found in the second set (published in 1723), but their style is very different, and if they are really by Eccles he must have copied some French contemporary as successfully as he pilfered Valentini in the earlier volume.

Not much English violin music of the early 18th century has appeared in modern editions, but, as it happens, Mr. Alfred Moffat's excellent series of 'Old English Violin Music' contains a Sonata in D minor which is derived from Eccles's 1720 set. Unfortunately, every note of this work is by Giuseppe Valentini. The first three movements are taken from the twelfth *Allegretto*; a Gavotte (omitted by Mr. Moffat), and the final *Presto*, are from the first *Allegretto*.—Yours, &c.,

W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

14, Albert Place, W.8.

## CATTISH HANDWRITING

SIR,—When reading the September number of the *Musical Times* and 'Feste's' interesting article on the original MSS. of great composers, I was rather amused at his remarks regarding Op. 111. The pernicious theatrical idea of Beethoven as a 'rugged and titanic figure' appears to be responsible for 'Feste's' shock of disillusionment when confronted with that atrocious scrawl, but did 'Feste' really expect a so-called 'rugged and titanic figure' to produce a document resembling a bank clerk's statement for neatness and lucidity? For my part, my astonishment would have been to find the writing no worse, since the Beethoven MSS. are notorious for their general untidiness and illegibility. The copyists of that day must have had a far from happy time.

I think the alleged 'theatrical' ideas about Beethoven may have chiefly originated from the accounts handed down by his personal friends. Take Moscheles, for example, in his allusions to Beethoven's aspect when a musical idea

took possession of his mind: 'His whole personal appearance then underwent a sudden and striking change. There was an air of inspiration and dignity in his aspect, and his diminutive figure seemed to tower to the gigantic proportions of his mind.' The theatrical mind sometimes has imagination, and can see beyond the actual physical appearance. 'Feste' goes on to say that if the MS. had been written by a woman a graphologist would be induced to regard her as one of the cattiest of her sex. Permit me to remark that the ladies of my acquaintance whose handwriting gives me the most trouble to decipher, so far from being the cattiest of their sex, are in the main broadminded and generous, and of an excellent mental capacity.—Yours, &c.,

Pall Mall, S.W.1.

CONSTANT READER.

October 12, 1923.

['FESTE' writes: The question of legibility did not come into my judgment of the MS. Such characteristics as the pronounced slope from L. to R., and the meagreness of the stroke, with lesser features, at once gave me an impression of something feline and spiteful.]

## RACHMANINOV'S C SHARP MINOR PRELUDE

SIR,—Will some contributor to your columns tell me why is Rachmaninov to be pitied for having written the C sharp minor Prelude?

In a back number of the *Musical Times*, and also in the *Musical News and Herald*, are articles written on Rachmaninov's recital at Queen's Hall on May 6. Both writers of the articles express great solicitude for him. In the *Musical Times*, 'H. G.' says:

'Rachmaninov knew what was coming if his depressed air was any guide. He had hardly sunk on to the pianoforte-stool when cries of "C sharp minor!" were fired at him.'

And in the *Musical News and Herald*, 'E. E.' says:

'Can anybody wonder that Rachmaninov regards that feat of his youth as the worst enemy of his manhood?'

And, again:

'Rachmaninov is cast down, groaning under the weight of that C sharp minor Prelude.'

And yet again:

'I have respected his mortification and grief at having written the C sharp minor Prelude.'

I have a very strong liking for the Prelude. It seems great to me, and I am unable to fathom the reason for so much commiseration. None of my musical friends can tell me.

I shall feel truly grateful if someone will enlighten me. Perhaps either 'H. G.' or 'E. E.' (both of whom I know write for the *Musical Times*) would kindly explain.—Yours, &c.,

RUBY WILLMOTT.

Essex.

[We hope to comment on this letter in our next issue.—EDITOR.]

## ACOUSTICS OF A CHURCH

SIR,—I should be grateful to any of your readers who would furnish me with their views regarding the erection of 'sound-wires' for improving the acoustics of a building which is badly adapted in this respect. The particular building in mind is a small church capable of seating about three hundred and fifty people, having a low-pitched roof, and an interior constructed principally of wood.

Any information upon the relative merits of various kinds of wire, together with suggestions regarding their erection so as to obtain the greatest possible effect, would be warmly appreciated.—Yours, &c.,

F. P. A.

Walthamstow.

October 15, 1923.

## 'THE MUSIC TEACHER' AND THE R.C.O.

SIR,—The Editor of *The Music Teacher* has written to me taking exception to my having, at the R.C.O. Annual General Meeting, described some of that journal's comments on the R.C.O. as 'spiteful.' He points out that you, Sir, had first made use of the expression, and that, having been afterwards satisfied that the *Music Teacher's* article was written in good faith, you had withdrawn it. This being so,

I willingly follow your example, and take back my 'spiteful.'—Yours, &c., H. W. RICHARDS.

[We are sorry the expression to which the Editor of *The Music Teacher* objects escaped our notice when passing the report of Dr. Richards's speech. Having withdrawn our own use of it, we should of course have taken steps to see that it did not again appear.—EDITOR.]

Mr. E. Carrick Foster, 16, Beech Grove, Hull, writes asking for help in obtaining the music of the comic opera, *Midas*, by Kane O'Hara, produced at the Haymarket in 1764. The music was first published by Walsh, and a revised edition in 1802 by Birchall. Will readers who know of a stray copy kindly write direct to Mr. Foster?

We have at present no space for letters by Mr. Ernest G. White and Mr. W. H. Chisholm on the evergreen subject of voice-production.

## Sharps and Flats

In Shakespeare's day music was just getting upon its legs in England; in Goethe's day it was just coming to full flower in Germany; in France and America it is still in the savage state. . . . The leading American musical director, if he went to Leipzig, would be put to polishing trombones and copying drum-parts.—*H. L. Mencken*.

Girls, if you feel the divine spark of music within you, let nothing deter you from fanning it into flame! Study for opera!—*Emma Calvé*.

I believe that musical healing could be reduced to a definite art. I suggested to one organist that he could use consecutive fifths for curing housemaid's knee. I told him there was money in the idea, and I believe there is.—*Rev. Claude Tickell*.

To my ear, one of the best points of the Savoy-Orpheans is their use of the Bach trumpets. This instrument, a coach-horn with stops, has a shrill, resonant note such as, I imagine, gives signals to the heavenly host. Anyhow, it has played an important part in Bach's *Bright Seraphim*.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

With the advent of 'guest' critics a new filip has been given to the nascent season at New York. The press gallery has been moved that much nearer the stage. Simon will say 'thumbs up' and 'thumbs down' with unfamiliar quirks of that dictatorial digit.—*Luther Clegg*, in *Musical America*.

A splendid list of works to be prepared includes Verdi's *Colossal* and Manzoni's *Requiem*.—*Tunbridge Wells Courier*.

Many favourite songs of long ago are still favourites of the present day; and this is not remarkable when we consider that such songs as Henry Purcell's *I attempt from love's sickness to fly* and *Nymphs and Shepherds* are as fresh and charming now as when first written some twenty-three years ago.—*Prospectus of 'The World's Favourite Songs'*.

. . . the beautiful singing of Miss Agnes Nicholls, especially in the number, *The Sun goeth down*, where she broadcasted over the building a beautiful sense of eventide.—*Eva Grew*.

When Hindemith's farrago ended an irresistible impulse to make a bad German pun seized me, and I cried: 'Hin damit!' ('Away with it!').—*Robert Lorenz*.

I don't regard myself as a composer, but it gives me pleasure to improvise on the pianoforte sometimes for hours at a time.—*Sir Homewood Crawford*.

No one has a right to practise music at the expense of other people's comfort.—*Judge Scully*.

I would go anywhere to hear Welshmen sing.—*Mr. Lloyd George*.

Organ recital. Triumphant March in E major, as played by Edwin H. Lemare (Gullmant); Variations in E major, *The Harmonious Blacksmith*, as played by G. F. Handel (Handel).—*Broadcasting Programme*.

*Scherazade* lifts even the unmusical out of his seat; yet I, who have been listening to music all my life, got no tingling in the ears out of the dance-themes [in *Hassan*], which might have accompanied elders in Synod losing their temper.—*James Agate*.

. . . a maudlin sub-flattened mediant.—*Musical Times*.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

The Michaelmas term, which begins the academic year, opened on September 24 with an exceptionally large entry of students both for the ordinary curriculum, the Teachers' Training Course, and also for the special course for the training of conductors, which has recently been established and is now completely organized under the direction of the Principal and Sir Henry Wood. In this course the students begin their practice in conducting, under the supervision of Mr. Ernest Read, with a small orchestra of limited efficiency, in which they are taught the technique of beating time, rapid score reading, and the correction of faults in phrasing and interpretation which the ordinary orchestral player is apt to make. The orchestral works announced for study this term are Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, Brahms's *Tragic Overture*, and Richard Strauss's *Don Juan*. A critical study of these works, in preparation for the conducting of them, is made under the direction of Mr. B. J. Dale. When a student is sufficiently familiar with a work and the general method of conducting it, he is allowed to conduct the complete Academy orchestra under the personal supervision of the Principal or Sir Henry Wood.

In the study of choral and operatic conducting a similar method of procedure is carried out under the direction of Mr. Henry Beauchamp. In addition to actual conducting the student must learn to play an orchestral instrument as well as the pianoforte, and in order to become familiar with as many orchestral instruments as possible, he may study a different one each term. The course also includes lectures upon the instruments of the orchestra, upon rhythm and rhythmic analysis, upon the works which are played, and upon other related matters, by such able experts as Messrs. Adam Carse, Spencer Dyke, J. B. McEwen, Stewart Macpherson, William Wallace, and Rowsby Woof.

On Wednesday afternoon (October 24) the Principal gave an introductory address to the pupils in Duke's Hall, and on the following Wednesday (October 31) Mr. J. R. McEwen gave a lecture on 'Some Aspects of Musical Study.'

The following awards have been made: Elizabeth Stokes Scholarship (pianoforte), to Audrey C. Ellis (a native of London); Elizabeth Stokes Open Scholarship (pianoforte), to Betty Humby (a native of London), Dorothy Folkard and Frederic M. Jackson being commended; George Mence Smith Scholarship (singing), to David J. Williams (a native of Treherbert), Stanley G. Hemery being highly commended; John Thomas Welsh Scholarship (singing), to Luned L. Jones (a native of Bangor), Mabel E. Milne and Irene M. Thomas being highly commended; Ada Lewis Scholarships: Harp Scholarship, to Naomi Harben (a native of Tilford, Surrey); Violoncello Scholarship, to Winifred E. Read (a native of Bristol), Cecilia Fouracre being commended; Violin Scholarships, to Mavis E. Backer (a native of Ilford) and Alexander Kirk (a native of London), Isadore Haddes being highly commended.

## ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The concert and operatic fixtures already arranged are making a very busy term. They comprise four orchestral concerts, four chamber concerts, five students' recitals, and five informal concerts, as well as three Patron's Fund Rehearsals, and not less than four or five dress rehearsals of opera in the Parry Theatre. The Opera Class has in rehearsal two short works by British composers, viz., another little Dickens opera by Dr. Charles Wood (a scene from *Martin Chuzzlewit*), and an operetta by A. P. Herbert and Armstrong Gibbs; these will be given some time during the current term. Two dress rehearsals of *Hansel and Gretel*, with orchestra, took place in October, and served to enable two students of the Conducting Class to appear in the capacity of operatic conductors, and enjoy the rare experience of conducting a stage performance of a whole opera, complete with orchestra and scenery.

Mr. W. W. Cobbett, that generous lover and champion of chamber music, has from time to time offered prizes for the best performances by College students of chamber music, British and foreign; now, for a change, he has devised a variation of this charming theme, and is offering prizes for

the best short chamber music composition by a College student, to be followed by additional prizes for the best performance of the prize work. This double-edged competition is proving full of interest, and its effects should be highly stimulating to composers and performers alike.

### TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Amongst the recent successful candidates for the final Mus. B. degree examination of the University of Durham is George Henry Skaer, a scholarship holder of Trinity.

During the past month a number of professors' and students' recitals were given, including a pianoforte recital by Mr. Anderson Tyrer; a vocal and pianoforte recital by Mr. John Savile and Miss C. E. O'Brien; and a lecture recital by Mr. R. J. Wickham Hurd, on 'Music as a Language,' the illustrations to which were supplied by the Ear-Training Class. The scheme of advanced lectures in music inaugurated by London University afforded the first of two public lectures, given at the College by Sir Walford Davies, on the subject of 'Melody making.' The second lecture is announced for November 5, at 5 p.m.

### THE COMING SEASON

(The following information is supplementary to that given on page 726 in our issue for October):

#### LONDON AND DISTRICT

BARCLAY'S BANK MUSICAL SOCIETY proposes to rehearse the following works during the season: *Overture, Hansel and Gretel*; *Une Nuit sur le Mont Chauve*, Moussorgsky; *Scènes de Ballet*, Glazounov; *Overture, Tannhäuser*; *Pathetic Symphony*, Tchaikovsky; *Ballade in A minor*, Coleridge-Taylor. The Male-Voice Choir will study part-songs, &c., by Bax, Vaughan Williams, Bantock (*Lucifer in Starlight*), and Deering's *Cryes of London*.

THE CIVIL SERVICE CHOIR is now conducted by Mr. Rutland Boughton. The first programme consists of part-songs, songs, and string music by Sir Edward Elgar; the second, of music by Purcell.

THE HANDEL SOCIETY is now under Mr. Eugène Goossens. The works chosen for performance include: *Alexander's Feast*; *The Nativity* (Parry); Brahms's *Requiem*; Holst's *Ode to Death*, and Goossens's *Silence*.

THE LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY, conducted by Mr. Arthur Fagge, is not yet in a position to issue a complete programme, but the following works are definitely chosen: *The Creation*; *The Dream of Gerontius*; and *Resurgam*, a new work by Henry Hadley.

We have received syllabuses from the following Societies, and quote a selection from the works they have chosen for performance:

NORTH LONDON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Henry F. W. Horwood).—*Merric England*; *Faust* (Gounod); *Hiawatha* (Parts 1 and 2); *The Messiah*; *Pathetic Symphony*; *New World Symphony*.

HARLESDEN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Frank Greenfield).—*The Golden Legend*; *Hiawatha* (Parts 1 and 2); *The Messiah*, the *Italian Symphony*; Beethoven's second Symphony.

WEST LONDON CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. William Holmes).—*Judas Macabreus*; *Merric England*; *Homage to Music* (W. S. Desborough).

ISLINGTON CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Ronald A. Chamberlain).—*Elijah*; *Merric England*; *A Tale of Old Japan*; *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

DULWICH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Arthur Fagge).—*Samson and Delilah*; *The Dream of Gerontius*; *Victory and Peace* (Edwards); *Elijah*; *Symphony in E* (Sullivan); *Cleopatra* (Tolkien).

WEST LONDON CHORAL UNION.—*A Tale of Old Japan*; *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* (Walthew).

CRYSTAL PALACE CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Walter W. Hedgecock).—*A Tchaikovsky and Grieg programme*; *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*; *The Spectre's Bride*.

GRAFTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Clapham (Mr. Henry F. Hall).—*Part-songs, &c.*, by Holst, Elgar, Parry, and Vaughan Williams; the *St. Matthew Passion*.

SOUTH LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION (Mr. Leonard C. Venables).—*Athalie*; *The Song of Miriam*; *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*; Sullivan's *Festival Te Deum* and *The Golden Legend*; Macfarren's *May-Day*; Bridge's *The Ballad of the Clamphedown*.

#### PROVINCIAL

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY announces a series of ten excellent concerts. The choir is to sing Bax's *Mater ora filium*, Ernest Austin's *Hymn of Apollo*, and the *Mass* in B minor. The orchestral works include Delius's *Brigg Fair*, Holst's ballet music from *The Perfect Fool*, Holbrooke's *Brownen Prelude*, the symphonic poem *Returning women* by Karłowicz, Goossens's *Sinfonietta*, and Strauss's *Don Quixote*. There will be eight conductors, including Fürtwängler.

CARDIFF MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. T. E. Aylward).—*Works of Bach and Palestrina*; part-songs; *The Messiah*.

PORTSMOUTH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Hugh A. Burry).—*Hiawatha*; *Sea Symphony* (Vaughan Williams); *Bach's Mass* in B minor.

BECKENHAM CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. E. A. Coombs).—*Tom Jones* (German); *St. Paul*.

KIDDERMINSTER CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. J. Irving Glover).—*Madrigals and part-songs* (Byrd, Weelkes, Parry, Eaton Fanning, West); *From the Bavarian Highlands* (Elgar); *Blest Pair of Sirens*; *Te Deum* (Dvorák); *Two Psalms* (Holst).

BRIGHTON AND HOVE HARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Percy C. Taylor).—*Samson*; *Judas Macabreus*; *Acis and Galatea*; *The Spectre's Bride*; *Requiem* (Verdi); *Stabat Mater* (Rossini).

BRISTOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Arnold Barter).—*Enigma Variations*; *Beni-Mora* (Holst); *Pianoforte Concerto in D minor* (Mozart); *Now praise, my soul* (Bach); *Bethlehem* (Rutland Boughton).

SHEFFIELD MUSICAL UNION (Dr. Henry Coward).—*Walpurgis Night*; *Ode to the North-East Wind* (Frederick Cliffe); selection from *Tannhäuser*; *The Messiah*; *The Dream of Gerontius*; *Hymn of Jesus* (Holst).

KEIGHLEY MUSICAL UNION (Mr. R. H. Moore).—*The Mystic Trumpeter* (Harty); *Songs of the Fleet* (Stanford); *From the Bavarian Highlands* (Elgar); *The Seasons* (Haydn).

MALVERN ORATORIO CHOIR (Dr. Hamand).—*Two Psalms* (Holst); *There is an Old Belief* (Parry); *Requiem* (Brahms).

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY (Dr. C. B. Rootham).—*Mass* in B minor; *Choral Symphony*; 'The Seasons' (*Fairy Queen*) (Purcell). The programme also includes three chamber and two orchestral concerts.

GLASGOW CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The sketch programmes of thirty concerts include: *Faust* (Berlioz); *The Messiah*; *Hymn of Jesus* (Holst); *The Music-Makers* (Elgar); *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*; *Concerto in D major* (Ph. E. Bach); *The Garden of Fand* (Bax); *The Planets* (Holst); Elgar's second Symphony; *Fantasia and Fugue in C minor* (Bach-Elgar); *Mist in the Valley* (Maurice Besly); *Enigma Variations*; *Symphony* (César Franck); *Mediterranean* (Arnold Bax); Scriabin's *Divine Poem* and *Poem of Ecstasy*; *Two Poems for orchestra* (Frank Bridge); *A Forgotten Rite* (Ireland); *Highland Concerto* (Arthur Somervell); *Fantaisie Espagnole* (Lord Berners), and a number of other Symphonies. The season lasts from November 20 to February 16, 1924. The conductors are: M. Kussevitsky, Dr. Adrian C. Boulé, Sir Landon Ronald, M. Emil Mlynarski, Mr. Wilfrid Senior, and Mr. Maurice Besly.

HOLMFIRTH AND DISTRICT MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. Edred Booth).—*Jesu, Priceless Treasure*; *Rose Maiden* (Cowen); *Hymn of Praise*; *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*.

STOKE-ON-TRENT CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Ernest C. Redfern).—*The Messiah*; *Dream of Gerontius*, and a miscellaneous concert.

LIGHT-ON-SEA CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Arthur Rose).—*Creation* (Haydn); *Blest Pair of Sirens*; *Judge me, O God* (Mendelssohn); *They that go down to the sea* (Granville Bantock).

DUNDEE AMATEUR CHORAL UNION (Mr. Charles M. Cowe).—*Sir Patrick Spens* (David Stephen); *King Olaf*.



KIRKCALDY MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. Charles M. Cowe).—*Requiem* (Brahms); *The Revenge* (Stanford).

LEICESTER PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Sir Henry Wood).—*The Golden Legend*; *The Messiah*; Bach's *Mass* in B minor.

TABERNACLE CHORAL SOCIETY, Pontypridd (Mr. Alun Dummer).—*The Redemption*; *Christmas Oratorio* (Parts 1 and 2).

CARDIFF BLUE RIBBON CHOIR (Mr. Jenkyn Morris).—*Elijah*; *The Messiah*; miscellaneous and carol concerts.

SOUTHPORT UNITED CHOIR (Mr. C. Kingsley Killip).—*The Pied Piper of Hamelin* (Parry); *The Messiah*; *St. Matthew Passion*; Tchaikovsky's *Pianoforte Concerto*, No. 1.

WINDSOR AND ETON CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. B. C. S. Everett).—*Requiem* (Mozart), and works by Tchaikovsky, Byrd, and Weelkes.

BERKHAMSTED CHORAL SOCIETY.—*The Pied Piper of Hamelin* (Parry); *Phaëdra's Croon* (Stanford).

LOCHGELLY CHORAL UNION, Fife.—*A Tale of Old Japan*; *Requiem* (Brahms).

WESTON-SUPER-MARE CHORAL SOCIETY (Dr. J. G. Cooper).—*The Dream of Gerontius*.

SHEFFIELD AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY (Dr. J. F. Staddon).—*The Spectre's Bride* (Dvořák); *Faust* (Berlioz).

CRIEFF ORATORIO SOCIETY (Mr. J. D. Turner).—*The Creation* (Haydn).

ROCHDALE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. Leach).—*Song of Destiny* (Brahms); *Te Deum* (Dvořák); *A Song of Freedom and Joy* (Edgar Bainton); *Tragic Overture* (Brahms); the *Unfinished Symphony*.

LEEDS CHORAL UNION (Dr. Henry Coward).—*Aida*; *The Messiah*; *King Olaf*; *Cockaigne*; *The Chamber Music Players*.

HULL VOCAL SOCIETY (Dr. Henry Coward).—*Tannhäuser*; *The Messiah*; *Hiawatha*.

DERBY CHORAL UNION (Dr. Henry Coward).—*Acis and Galatea*; *Sleepers, wake!*; *Blest Pair of Sirens*; *The Messiah*; *Hiawatha*.

## London Concerts

### QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Sir Henry Wood, at the first of his Saturday afternoon Symphony concerts, retired during most of the proceedings to make room for Mr. Gustav Holst to conduct his Suite *The Planets*—all seven of them at full strength, with the required extra instruments and all—an hour of them. The hall was completely full. The performance was good—has indeed not, on the whole, been surpassed, and in some details it surpassed all others. Mr. Holst seems to be forging ahead as a conductor. And again the comforting conviction was borne in on us that the music itself was very good. Have we sometimes felt that perhaps the sway of this work might not last long, because, for all its largeness and boldness, its splendour and vitality, its qualities were all so plainly clear and lacked mysteriousness? Well, it proves to have life, and that is the essential. Whether it lives boldly or subtly is its own affair; and after all life itself is the greatest of mysteries, by the side of which all others are mere nursery riddles. We no longer at *The Planets* hear knowing persons remark, here 'Rimsky!' or there 'Dukas!' Sources could be named for elements of this music as for any other. A recent ingenious scribe has found tunes of the *Valkyrie* in Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, of *Tristan* in Boieldieu's *Deux Nuits*, and of the *Mastersingers* in *La Dame Blanche*. This does not invalidate Wagner's works. And the Queen's Hall public remains perfectly unaffected by the alleged relationships of parts of Holst's procedure. Holst is tremendously interesting to hear, that is the long and the short of it, more interesting, we say, than the people who may have given him such-and-such hints. One way in

which to praise this music is to mention how well it stood up alongside the *Mastersingers* Overture, which had opened the concert. M. Jacques Thibaud came afterwards in a Mozart Concerto, and at the end there was a modest little offering from young Germany, *Nusch-Nushi Dances*, by Paul Hindemith, which probably played with respectability their original rôle as accompaniment to a marionette piece. They were received here with complete indifference. C.

### THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

The Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts came to an end on October 20, with touching tributes from the faithful (who were there in a mass) to Sir Henry Wood—they broke into song, *Rule, Britannia*, in the course of his *Sea-Songs* Fantasia, and *For he's a jolly good fellow* later, at the point when the lights had to be turned out to drive them away. The end of the season of these wonderful concerts was the more regretted since the last fortnight had brought a succession of good things. There had, it is true, been some fairly dreary ones earlier. Miaskovsky, a voice from Moscow, was to have induced a *nouveau frisson*, but his symphonic tone-poem *Alastor*, if representative of present-day Moscow, points to that city regurgitating, in considerable depression, remnants of Scriabin, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner. Mr. Timothy Spelman's *Barbaresques* and Mr. H. F. Gilbert's *Dance in the Place Congo* came from the U.S.A. They proved that great country to possess, no less than the rest of the world, young men equipped both with the technique and the industry to produce large orchestral scores, whether impressionistic or dramatico-picturesque. Corresponding young men in other ages wrote three-volume novels or five-act dramas—simple child's play, in point of manual labour, compared with the toil of these copious young 20th century musicians. Max Reger's admirers, such as Mr. Samuel Langford and Mr. W. J. Turner, have so eloquently pleaded for his neglected virtues that we felt another serious effort at appreciation, on the occasion of the production of his F minor Pianoforte Concerto (soloist, M. Victor Schiøler), might mend previous injustices, and embellish our musical experiences. Again—our fault, no doubt—it was no good. The young pianist did his utmost, too. It was a damse *macabre* in Ezekiel's valley. But nothing therein lived, to our perceptions.

Elgar's first Symphony was played in the last week. The Symphony had been extraordinarily disseminated in its first year, 1908-09 (ninety performances), but left since the war to languish. It came home again, at this concert, on no uncertain tide. The beauty of the work, as it came sailing in, its stateliness and harmonious riches, seemed simply beyond cavil. Long of course it is, and too intricate for any orchestra to have mastered fully in such circumstances. But we shall be a strange people indeed if ever again we let the work so lapse, when it is quite certainly one of the greatest ornaments of our music. It has entered to-day into a quieter but more assured acceptance than in 1908. Elgar at one time came in for criticism for not writing the sort of music this or that critic would himself most have liked to write—if capable. That is a past phase. The A flat Symphony, on its return, was not blamed for not being something entirely different; but its own singular loveliness was welcomed for its own sake, with joyful and humble thanks. On the following night Elgar's Violoncello Concerto was played, with Miss Beatrice Harrison as soloist. The performance touched a new degree of the hushed tenderness which is necessary to the work—a work so slight, so stripped and, as it were, solitary, compared with the tumultuous, crowding beauties of the Symphonies and Violin Concerto: yet most affectingly beautiful, and invaluable filling its place in the tale of Elgar's compositions.

Mr. Holst's two new pieces, Fugal Overture and Fugal Concerto for flute, oboe, and strings, were played at one of the concerts of the Halifax Madrigal Society's visit, and that admirable Choir sang some of his part-songs. It was a brilliant evening. Mr. Robert Murchie and Mr. Léon Goossens played in the Concerto. This belongs to the Holst of the *St. Paul's* Suite and similar pieces, a little work and a merry one. It waves a greeting to Purcell, it shakes hands with the *Brandenburgs*, and contrives to remain extremely Holstian. Of course it will be a favourite.

The Overture is splendidly amusing, and is related to *The Perfect Fool* ballet music. It opens with the rhythm:



and when Mr. Holst starts at all like that we know that the fun will be first-rate.

Sir Walford Davies took part in the first performance of his *Memorial Suite* for pianoforte and orchestra. The work is in five movements, and celebrates the fallen of the Royal Flying Corps. But from these seriously agreeable strains, which have a sort of homely dignity while condescending freely to smile, yet refrain from a profession of the deeper grief, no one could have guessed so specially heroic a theme. It was disconcerting at first—it was so far from one's own notion of an *Ave atque Vale*. We ought not to have been told of its intentions, so that we could have thought purely of the musical content. This was the elegiac music assuredly of an optimist, and the tag attached to the last movement was 'Greet the Unknown with a cheer!' But the composer ought to be praised for his honesty in not having pushed eloquence beyond his meaning. The Suite does not emulate those it commemorates—it does not soar. But in stopping on earth it makes no superior pretences. The pianoforte solo played no specially useful part. It was neither contrasted with the orchestra in the manner of a concerto, nor was it used purely as an orchestral instrument for its own sounds.

Stravinsky's *Petroushka*, also played in the last week, with full orchestral apparatus (no ordinary collection), was a relic from the wreck of the disappearance of the famous Russian ballet of Diaghilev, compared with which all other Russian ballets are as sawdust. The music was once the perfect mate of a peculiarly likeable and significant stage action. Could it stand separation? No one who saw Diaghilev's show as often as I can venture an answer. The memory of the scenes was constant throughout. Apparently everyone else in the house was in like state. The music was immensely enjoyed. It is indeed a delight to observe the play of wits of Stravinsky's order. Demoniacally clever! He could, in that phase at any rate, do nothing wrong, and in our delight there is a flavour of fear at the wicked spell he can cast here, there, and everywhere in the orchestra, effecting any sort of grotesque metamorphosis at will.

The Saturday afternoon ballad concerts at Queen's Hall have changed character this year. There are not nearly so many ballads. The orchestra is more important. We relinquish the old style without a single sigh, and see possibilities of real good in the new scheme. Mr. Roger Quilter conducted his *Children's Overture* at the first concert, and Mr. Rutland Boughton extracts from his *Immortal Hour* at the second. At both there was good singing of more or less tolerable songs. Most curious was the audience's—a simple audience's—manifest delight with pianoforte playing not of the best. Neither Mr. Arthur de Greef nor Mr. F. Ticciati did really very well, yet they were lionised. Sir Henry Wood conducted most of the orchestral pieces.

#### SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

No living singer is, I think, more delightful to listen to than Mr. John Coates—certainly to an Englishman none is more delightful. He may be the Gerontius of a Three Choirs Festival, the Lohengrin of a Covent Garden season, or the impersonator of a dozen different moods and spirits at one of his Chelsea recitals—always we are freshly engrossed by his art. His first recital at Chelsea Town Hall this autumn was another evening of English song-writers, mostly contemporary, and surely our song-writers are the luckiest of musicians to have so inspired an interpreter. There is only one danger—Mr. Coates can make almost any song sound so much like a masterpiece, and is so generous in taking up songs which, with the best intentions, are hardly masterpieces, that some of the honoured composers may be inclined to over-rate their own achievements. Mr. Coates's art does not storm our feelings in the way of, say, Chaliapin. It is above all an exquisite appeal to our fancy. His unflinching charm, his sense of tone-values,

his rhythm, and the natural force of his words all work together to make an inexhaustible series of different musical pictures. He is so full of resource that he never does the same thing twice alike, and this is one excuse for the mania his audiences have for encoring every song he sings—they are so curious to see what fresh light he will throw on it. His concert on October 4 comprised songs by some twenty composers. In the first group Parry's *Fairy Town* and Bax's *Piper* stood out. Angus Morrison's *Lake Isle of Innisfree* was, among the less familiar pieces, particularly attractive. The humour and spirit of Henry Lawes's *Angler's Song* and Peter Warlock's *Good Ale* made for a tumultuous reception. Other names on the remarkable programme were: Vaughan Williams, John Ireland, Hamilton Hart, Stanford, Nicholas Gatty, Percival Garratt, Dennis Arundel, Owen Mase, Armstrong Gibbs, Mallinson, Maurice Jacobson (the excellent accompanist of the evening), Malcolm Davidson, and Colin Taylor.

Two agreeably gifted young singers, Mr. Joseph Hislop and Mr. J. C. Thomas, sang at the first Sunday concert at the Albert Hall. One is labelled tenor, the other baritone, but that is to convey a difference in their range and styles which is not apparent. One is Scotch, the other American, but they belong to the same school. Both know their business, and are pleasantly self-confident. They bank on a good *cantabile* (strange that there should ever be divorce between singing and *cantabile*, but there is in these civilized days!). Both make much of a feeling of easy fervour, which may on occasion sink into sentimentality. Hackneyed music was chosen by the one and the other, though Mr. Thomas condescended even more than Mr. Hislop, and in his second group unblushingly flourished a couple of out-and-out pot-boilers. But for the most the two accomplished young fellows were like as two peas.

Miss Cynthia Davril was heard at Wigmore Hall—a singer of a finely serious type, with a good enough voice to do justice to the songs of her excellent choice. Nevertheless the impression made was less favourable than at her summer concert. Probably Miss Davril would do well to carry her voice up a tone or two. Though her low notes are good, her high ones are better, and in maintaining greater tension the voice would gain in lightness and brightness. At present it wavers with hesitating effect between different goals. The general style needs welding. She began her concert with a mistake of inexperience against which other singers may be warned: because Dowland is ancient in date she put him first, but the slower songs of Dowland are the severest test of a singer's technique, much harder than Schönberg, and it is most dangerous to launch out on one of them unless in possession of a ten times proved assurance. Leveridge's well-known *Drinking Song* was a queer choice for a woman singer, but otherwise the programme showed fine taste, and Arthur Lourié's cantata *The Blessed Virgin's Tears* (accompanied by the Philharmonic Quartet) was a novelty of real interest.

Miss Tessa Richardson sang at Æolian Hall on October 2, and is to be congratulated on a very pretty compiled programme. Her voice is not large, and when unforced is of very agreeable quality. But when she forsook her normal sleek *legato* in search of emotional adventures her voice did not escape a hardening, and the original quality became lost. When she desired dramatic effect or big volume she used a wholly forward tone, and it was significant that at such moments her mouth was never opened half wide enough. Miss Richardson would probably do well to continue, even for those purposes, to employ the same sort of covered tone she commanded in less agitated moments. Her diction was invariably good. Byrd's *Cradle Song* and songs by Mahler and Fauré were among her successes.

Miss Olivia Hilder was the first singer of the autumn recitals, and she made an auspicious beginning, for she showed true gifts and technique. Her voice—in the middle portion, at any rate—was well controlled and fully responsive to her moods, and a good deal of her singing was beautiful. Signs of inexperience were to be detected in her top and bottom notes, for the first were inclined to shrillness and the second were too lax. She was no doubt seeking to realise the idea of graduated tenseness, but in effect she overdid it. She must also guard against excess

of sentiment in her interpretation. She was so determined not to let Byrd's *Cradle Song* speak for itself that it ended by refusing to say anything! Her technique showed off its graces in Schumann's *Er ist's*, and songs of Monteverdi and of Brahms were her successes.

Mr. Laurence Leonard, tenor, sang at Æolian Hall, and had a most encouraging sort of audience. He is on the way towards being a good singer—if he realises that he is not one yet! So far his agreeable voice is fairly well controlled, but he has a great deal to learn in the grading of tones. He veered between excesses of strength and weakness, and his quality was either a cloying *vox humana* or a piercing trumpet call. But though he must, above all, modify those ruthless high notes, and abandon some of his romantic predilections, he is on the right lines, and can, if he will, be a 'somebody' one day. A stiff course of Bach would probably be the best thing for him. The programme contained an Aria of Giordani, a Russian group, and two songs of Madame Poldowski.

A negro baritone, Mr. J. Francis Morès, showed us at Æolian Hall to what ill uses can be put a good voice. Sledge-hammered accents, rough tones, and phrasing that had no rhyme or reason were only a few of his faults, and yet there was a certain attractiveness in his virile singing. It was at least a change to hear this primitive vigour, for most of the faults at the average London vocal recital are faults of nincompoopery. Mr. Morès did not scruple to carry his open tones up to E and even to F, so that we had shattering moments. But when he liked he soared somewhat in the devil-may-care manner of Titta Rufo, and gave us thrilling G's and an A flat. The programme, which audaciously ascribed *Dio Possente* to Bizet, was mainly made of operatic excerpts and plantation hymns.

Miss Marie Howes sang at Wigmore Hall, accompanied by Mr. Frank Howes. If her singing of everything had equalled that of the delightful English folk-song, *The Cuckoo*, we should have nothing but compliments for her. Her success there suggested that her best course is to pursue such gaily animated pieces, in which her voice tells capitally. Her sustained singing was not good. She was not half aware of the claims of clean phrasing, but allowed most of her sentences to tail off in a slovenly *decreasing*. At its best her tone, though small, was good. The group of folk-songs was the most characteristic feature of the programme.

H. J. K.

#### PIANOFORTE RECITALS

The new stars of the month have been Mlle. Jeanne-Marie Darré and Mr. Walter Giesecking. Mlle. Darré, we are told, is well under twenty. She has not only a technique to marvel at, but something else which in the first few bars makes you sit up and say: 'This is a pianist.' Her judgment goes astray with sublime confidence, but it never errs through slackness. Mr. Giesecking, on the other hand, is brilliantly careful. Every note must, and does, receive its just weight, and Mr. Giesecking's rule of weight is probably more finely graded than that of any other pianist. Some of the music of his first recital lent itself to this inspired toying—Bach, for instance, and Debussy.

Among the older stars there have been Samuel, Cortôt (filling seventeen-and-sixpenny stalls), Rummel, and other soloists, with the Americans, Maier and Pattison, astonishing, as usual, in their two-pianoforte duets.

M.

#### RUTLAND BOUGHTON

Having been told—by what misinformer?—that *The Immortal Hour* was highbrow, Mr. Rutland Boughton resolved, he tells us, to fetch the lowbrows with three chamber concerts of his own works (two only of which we can consider now). We hope to be pardoned for telling him that he has his comparison upside down. Lowbrows ask for a loud-speaking purpose in every line and an inevitable kind of construction. Mr. Boughton writes string quartets on themes that appeal to the inner refinements of his taste, and the sequence of his ideas has a purpose equally remote. The best points in his *Greek Folk-Song Quartet* (October 12) and his *Welsh Hills Quartet* (October 19) were out of ordinary ken, and asked for a

particular mood of receptiveness even among the highly-instructed listeners. So it is with his *Chapel in Lyonesse* (October 19). All this music seems to claim highbrow indulgence in every bar, while Mr. Boughton's operatic music answers every taste from the highest to—well, a long way down. We are sure, too, that Mr. Boughton's inspiration needs a clear dramatic stimulus, and that without it he is only half articulate. We know that the fat emotions and picturesque personages of *The Immortal Hour* turned him into something like a genius.

M.

#### BLACKPOOL FESTIVAL

OCTOBER 15—20

This year's Festival created new records in every direction. There were no fewer than seventy-two classes, an increase of eight on last year, while the individual entries numbered 1,520, compared with 1,350 last October. The number of competitors taking part was 8,374, against 7,626 twelve months ago, and the services of twenty adjudicators were required during the week. The test-pieces were drawn from the works of fifty-six composers, representing the whole range of classical and modern works.

The most notable new feature this year was the Blackpool Musical Festival Scholarship. The idea of the scholarship, which is of the value of £150 per annum for three years, is to enable the most promising soloist, either vocal or instrumental, to pursue his musical studies at a recognised college, and for the scholarship there were 188 entrants.

Visitors to this meeting are always impressed by the enthusiasm and vitality of the audiences, and even at nine o'clock in the morning the singers or players are sure of numerous and interested listeners. The Tudor music classes, instituted last year, have now been expanded, and ultimately it seems probable that the duets, trios, and quartets will have as much vogue as the solos. Competitors in the latter class had to play their own accompaniments in the versions arranged by Dr. Fellows from the lute tablature, and too few of them realised that sustaining pedals of a modern pianoforte destroy the atmosphere of these delicately fanciful miniatures. When the standard of accompaniment matches the quality of the singing, we shall see things as startling as we witness to-day on the 'Rose Bowl' final solo night. In the early portion of the week nothing was more encouraging than the success attending the classes in chamber music. Hitherto they have languished. Here and elsewhere the authorities have planted and watered, but the plant revealed no signs of life. Suddenly interest has quickened, and this, too, with no relaxation of the standard in choice of music: rather the reverse, for surely John Ireland's second Trio is a challenge to any professional trio; and we had the spectacle of a large, crowded hall filled morning and afternoon to listen to amateur trios playing this, and to quartets in the Haydn G major (dedicated to his patron, Erdödy). Possibly gramophone records of the piece may have stimulated interest, and I could wish that both first and second prize-winners had heard the record of the Catterall group playing the first movement—a just rate of performance is the first essential in all concerted music, and every aid to its attainment should be welcomed by amateurs. Success of a like degree was achieved in the work of half-a-dozen orchestras in Holst's recently-published *Marching Song*, scored for small bands. It is reported that one conductor thought this rather 'small fry'—could be played at sight, and more to the same effect. A well-known conductor, who was here in another capacity, discussing this very score, remarked on the difficulty of the first two pages for a first-class professional orchestra, and as he is to conduct this and the companion *Country Song* in a big Yorkshire centre this winter, we may pardonably point the moral of holding one's task too cheaply.

Many critics have commented on the undeviating standard of the selections here. For juveniles the tasks have been well thought-out in their bearing on subsequent development—witness Bach's *Short Preludes* or the *Finale* from an early Mozart Sonata, for youngsters of twelve or fourteen years; similar distinction marked the choice of Violin Sonatas by Purcell and Geminiani for those under sixteen



years. Wonderful to relate, a lassie of only twelve took the first place in both of these works! She may be too young for consideration in connection with the Scholarship, but it is hoped that her parents can give her the needful attention in the next few years. Similarly in an open violin class, two movements from Viotti's A minor Concerto were played by a lad from a village near Preston in such convincing fashion as to extract over 90 per cent. of marks from Miss Edith Robinson, who does not distribute praise in an indiscriminate fashion.

The selections in the open vocal solo classes constituted a definite challenge in point of range of voice, variety of style, contrasted mood, and in the demands made for both musicianly and intellectual qualities.

The songs in the vocal solo classes covered a very wide range of style and emotional power, being drawn from Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Moussorgsky, Strauss, Bantock, Quilter, and Purcell. The Moussorgsky idiom was quite new, and the mezzo-sopranos, contraltos, and baritones who had studied him rarely possessed a vocal style sufficiently keen-edged and drastic to do anything like justice to such things as the two songs from the cycle, *Songs and Dances of Death*. Bach was much better sung by baritones than by tenors or contraltos, and Strauss and Schubert, in their most restrained and intimate aspects, revealed many weaknesses in singers otherwise richly gifted. Similarly the mezzo-sopranos found their most searching experiences in an *Adagio* air from *Così fan tutte*. The bass and baritone classes contained a higher average both of good vocal material and musicianly qualities.

Children's day brought its accustomed scenes of animation, song and dance proceeding merrily from 9 in the morning till 10 p.m. The music conformed to the high standard prevailing in all classes—bright, cheerful stuff, with just a dash of serious thought, as in Parry's *Jerusalem*. Successive generations of children and conductors seem to fall into the good old error of 'point-making,' but it is certainly less prevalent, if the evidences of the Lancashire Festivals are any true guide. The most precious 'find' in the juvenile music was two Old English Songs in an edition edited by Dolmetsch—*Have you seen but a white lillie grow?* and *My lytell pretty one*. Anything more fastidiously beautiful than the singing of these songs by girls of 14-16 years of age would be difficult to conceive.

Musically, the Children's Day furnishes the point of repose in the week's scheme. Saturday brought us into the thick of the choral contests. Standards were not maintained in the female-voice and sight-reading classes—indeed, out of sixteen entries in the latter only three were at all good. The alto-lead male-voice class attracted eighteen entries, and uniformly good singing was heard of Clarke-Whitfield's glee, *Wide o'er the brim*. The tenor-lead open class brought choirs to Blackpool from new parts—Northumberland, Cleveland, the Midlands, &c. Although several first-class Lancashire choirs were absent, Warrington maintained the Lancashire tradition. The huge number of choirs drawn from the South Yorkshire and Notts coalfields is very significant of the industrial development there; and in Sutton-Mansfield and Sharlston there are evidently good voices which, with efficient leadership, will rapidly develop.

The principal mixed-voice classes were not so overshadowed by male-voice work as in the past two years, and half-a-dozen performances in the big open classes furnished, as usual, the finished singing one expects. Gibbons's madrigal, *What is our life?* Elgar's *O wild west wind*, Parry's *There is an old belief*, Walford Davies's *These sweeter far than lilies are*, provided ample variety both of form, mood, and emotion, and tested mental equipment no less than vocal capacity. Five choirs from Sale, Blackpool, Huddersfield, and Blackburn passed forward to sing the Parry and Davies works. Four of these five choirs, Nos. 11, 12, 13, and 14, sang in the afternoon competitions. Blackpool Orpheus started the evening session, followed by Sale and District (Manchester), Gledholt (Huddersfield), Blackburn, and Blackpool Glee and Madrigal (now in its thirty-first year), each performance showing a slight improvement on that of its predecessor. The last choir started to sing at 10.30, after the others had gone for their trains. But the crescendo of interest and of performance was maintained.

On the evening's work Mr. Herbert Whittaker's choir gained 86 for the Parry and 95 for the Walford Davies item, Sir Hugh Allen declaring that

... the singing of the choir in the Walford Davies was so thundering good, that although they came only second on the entire day's result, he proposed to contribute from his own pocket an amount which would make their prize equal to that of the first choir!

In a long experience of these Festivals I have never known such a handsome declaration from a judge to a choir. No greater tribute could well be paid to steady consistency of performance than a comment like that after so many years' work.

The chief results on the final day were as follow:

Male-Voice Choirs (alto lead).—1, Matlock Prize Choir; 2, Mansfield and Sutton Co-operative Male-Voice Choir; 3, Sandal Glee Union, Wakefield.

Mixed-Voice Choirs (B).—1, Mansfield and Sutton Co-operative Choir; 2, Blackpool Lyric Choir; 3, High Peak Choral Society, New Mills.

Mixed-Voice Choir Sight-Test.—1, Gledholt Vocal Union; 2, Dr. Brearley's Contest Choir, Blackburn; 3, Blackpool Glee and Madrigal Society.

Ladies' Choirs (A).—1, Golcar Baptist Ladies' Choir, Huddersfield; 2, Barrow Madrigal Society; 3, Stockbridge Choral Union.

String Orchestras (open).—1, Blackburn Orchestral Society; 2, Huddersfield Philharmonic Society; 3, Blackpool Amateur Symphony Orchestra.

Male-Voice Choir (tenor lead).—1, Warrington Male Choral Union; 2, Cleveland Harmonic Male-Voice Choir, Middlesbrough; 3, Rochdale Male-Voice Choir; 4, Denton Male-Voice Prize Choir.

Mixed-Voice Choirs (A) (open).—1, Sale and District Musical Society; 2, Blackpool Glee and Madrigal Society; 3, Dr. Brearley's Contest Choir, Blackburn; 4, Gledholt (Huddersfield) Vocal Union. H. C.

#### BRASS BANDS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

At the Crystal Palace, on September 29, the eighteenth National Brass Band Festival brought together crowds almost as big as at a football 'final.' When such an assembly is seen—the central transepts were quite full at the evening concerts, and there were thousands standing in the nave of the building; an audience, all told, of probably 50,000—one is impressed by the power in the appeal of the music of the brass, which certainly touches hearts for whom other music is not. The sort of music that you or I, perhaps, most cherish—the string quartet, say, the madrigal choir, or the symphonic orchestra—does not attract these multitudes. For them, so the fact stands out—for a recognisable fraction of this island's people—music is the music of the brass band. It seems as though there is, beyond the reach even of big choral singing, a mass of listeners susceptible only to the brass—to the incomparable majesty of the brass: for although the brass band be never so often humbly harnessed to the vulgar tasks, it is essentially a majestic thing, proud and ceremonious by nature, and at the same time brimming with vitality. No organ could vie with the brightness-with-solemnity of the Crystal Palace bands that Saturday night when they lifted up their huge, soft voices in some Chorales of Bach. By human perversity the noble creations are, however, liable at any minute to be turned into menials, and the Chorales were sandwiched between Two-Steps.

The National Brass Band Festival was founded in 1900 by Mr. J. H. Iles, who has directed it with increasing success ever since. This year a hundred and fifty-five bands in all entered for the six competitions. The Championship Contest brought together some fifteen of the best brass bands in the country. It took place in the concert-hall, and lasted six hours. The weather that day was peculiarly sultry, and the hall was as stickily hot as a steam bath. At every previous Festival the trophy had gone to the North of England—to Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, or Cheshire. It came South this time, being carried off by the Luton 'Red Cross' Band, which was second last year. This from the sporting point of view



made the 1923 Festival remarkable. Musically there has for some years been a steady advance noticeable, and this time, though the concert programme might have been better, the test-pieces taken together were more musical than ever before. In not one of the classes did the nonsensical operatic pot-pourri figure. In the subsidiary competitions the test-pieces were arrangements of the Overtures of Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, and Gounod's *Mireille*. All these were undeniably music, even though one may divine a happier future for the brass band, when it will possess its own repertory and not need to raid the music of the strings. It may be a good thing to encourage technical developments in cornetists and trombonists by setting them the apparently impossible task of dodging about with the agility of the strings. But it induces a slight discomfort in the listener. It was marvellous to hear the Foden's Motor Works Band do anything at all with the Mozart Overture at a pace no whit less than Beecham might set at Queen's Hall. You would not have believed it possible, but the players did it. Yet it was not wholly 'it,' as the saying goes; and if the performance had been perfect it would still have savoured uncomfortably of a *tour de force*. Much as the Festival organizers are to be congratulated on the new musical interest they are cultivating among brass bands, there is a great field for more appropriate transcriptions, as most undoubtedly also there is for music directly conceived for these voices.

For the Championship Contest there had again been specially commissioned a composition by a serious musician—an Overture in B flat minor, called *Oliver Cromwell*, by Mr. Henry Geehl. This proved a thoroughly workmanlike piece—and heaven knows, one is delighted to hear from a brass band a piece that has an intelligible shape and consecutive sense. Why *Oliver Cromwell*, is not clear. There are no psalm-tunes (which sound so well on the brass), but a great deal of romantic agitation succeeded by a vehement triumph. On the way there are plenty of interesting incidents, including a fugal section which at each performance was looked forward to with particular pleasure—the moral of it all was that the brass band music of the future so clearly ought to be more contrapuntal, and less given to the odds-and-ends of filling-in harmonies and accompanying figuration, borrowed from symphonic orchestra scoring. With all respect to Mr. Geehl's Overture, we still did not feel in him the ordained composer whose imagination shall take fire from the peculiar qualities and restrictions of the medium. We cannot doubt he will come. Meanwhile there ought to be more Bach transcriptions made. The ability and the application of the bandmen (all artisans—for the Festival is strictly an amateur affair) are always a marvel, and recall Shaw's observation that while the Englishman may be a failure as a political animal, he clearly shows an exceptional instinctive aptitude for music. C.

#### HALIFAX MADRIGAL SOCIETY

The visit to London of this choir awakened the greatest interest. The appreciation of its singing was manifest, especially on the second night, when the combined attractions of its presence and that of Mr. Holst drew an enormous audience. Mr. Shepley and his forces on this occasion succeeded in establishing a somewhat unusual footing of intimacy between themselves and their listeners. Probably one part of the basis for this intimacy was the respect for a body of singers quite well enough trained to be able safely to indulge in any of the tricks of 'stunt' singing, who nevertheless preferred to eschew these entirely, in favour of the dignified and musically performance of a programme almost every item of which was of genuine artistic value.

Performances were given upon two successive nights, those of October 10 and 11. On the former the principal work was Bach's great unaccompanied Motet, *Sing ye to the Lord*, which has more than once been sung in the same hall by various North country choirs. It did not show this one at its best. A competent performance was given, but the spirit of the words and the music was never fully realised. The chief reason for this was a lack of vital rhythm; the metrical accents were there, yet there was no inwardly felt impulse, no active flow, no rhythmic exaltation.

In madrigal singing this fault was very much less noticeable, and in many cases not at all. It appeared as though the madrigal style had been much better assimilated, as, of course, from the very name of the Society, we would expect to be the case. Such pieces as Wilbye's *Adieu, sweet Amaryllis*, Bateson's *Sister, awake*, and Marenzio's *Yield up your ancient fame*, were very admirably performed—the last-named perhaps especially so. Peerson's *Ayre, Upon my lap my sovereign sits*, was tenderly sung, and Benet's *Thyrsis, sleepest thou?* and Morley's *Arise, awake!* were taken in the spirit of their words and music.

Some of the modern music was perhaps still better sung: Armstrong Gibbs's *Tears*, Peter Warlock's poetical *Corpus Christi*, two Carols of Holst and his vigorous arrangement of *Swansea Town*, Bantock's *On Himalay*, and Max Bruch's somewhat commonplace *Morning Hymn of Praise*. In this last the long-continued *crescendo* was well achieved, and an encore ensued, to the disappointment of the discriminating, who would rather have seen a worthier composition so honoured.

Despite its high standard it cannot be said that this choir fully satisfies the expectations of those who were acquainted with the best Yorkshire singing in the days before 1914. The voices are in no way exceptionally good. The sopranos, indeed, are decidedly thin in tone, and do not take high notes with the ease that might be expected, so that the wonderful B flat which in *Sing ye* Bach reserves for the end of the composition, was but snatched at, and did not ring. The contraltos are sound, but not rich in quality. The tenors are excellent in *piano* and *mezzo-forte* passages: they should, by the way, guard against the tendency of their tribe to appear too prominently in the final cadence of a composition. The basses, the best section of the choir, are good in quality and full in tone.

It will be gathered from the above that in sensuous beauty of tone the choir is somewhat deficient, and it is true to add that in technique also, though there are few or no serious lapses, the level attained is only near the highest.

In one respect the choir is excellent—the clearness with which it enunciates the words. There was a place where, a turnover occurring in the printed programme in the middle of a gentle piece, a disturbance was created by the simultaneous rustle of a thousand programmes. The judicious few left their page unturned, and lost never a word of the overleaf portion of the poem.

Though open to criticism on the points mentioned, the work of this obviously enthusiastic body of singers and of their conductor has rightly conferred upon them a place in the memory of London concert-goers, and it is to be desired that they may again be heard in London before this memory has had time to become dimmed. An annual visit to Queen's Hall would mean an annual welcome.

P. A. S.

### Competition Festival Record

The Annual General Conference of the Federation of British Musical Competition Festivals will be held at the Memorial Hall, Albert Square, Manchester, on Saturday, November 3, at 2 p.m. All interested in the Festival movement are cordially invited.

#### COMPETITIONS IN LONDON

At the PEOPLE'S PALACE the seventeenth annual Festival will be held on February 20 and 23 (the junior classes) and May 13 to 24 (the adults). All but a few of the classes are for choirs, the exceptions being for vocal quartets and trios, orchestras, and chamber music parties. The music for combined performance, which Sir Walford Davies has promised to conduct, consists of Holst's *Two Psalms*, the *Sanctus* from the B minor Mass, and Wesley's *When Israel came out of Egypt*. The adjudicators are Mr. W. R. Anderson, Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, Sir Richard Terry, and Miss Edith Knocker.

The fourth SOUTH-EAST LONDON Festival will be held at Bermondsey Central Hall on February 29, March 1 (juniors), and March 7 to 13 (seniors), with a final concert

under Dr. Adrian C. Boulton, on March 15. The syllabus is very similar to that of the People's Palace Festival. Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson, Dr. Boulton, and Mr. Geoffrey Shaw adjudicate, and at the final concert, on March 15, Dr. Boulton will conduct Purcell's *Soul of the World*, Schubert's *Where Thou reignest*, Holst's *A Festival Chime*, and Parry's *Jerusalem*.

THE LONDON FESTIVAL, at Central Hall, Westminster, March 24 to April 5, will be bigger than ever. It differs greatly from the competitions of the East and South-East in that solo-playing and singing occupy about a hundred of the hundred and thirty-six classes. A hasty glance through the solo test-pieces gives the impression of a high standard. New features include classes for conducting, quick study at the pianoforte, and violin sight-reading. The winning girl guides' choir is to broadcast the test-pieces. There are twenty-three adjudicators. Concerts by prize-winners will be held on April 10, 12, and 14.

Information as to festivals to be held in the provinces next year is held back until a more representative list can be given. A report of the Blackpool Festival is given on p. 795.

We have just seen a syllabus of the British Empire Eisteddfod (recently held at the Crystal Palace), and note the curious fact that of the sixteen test-pieces in the choral section, fifteen are by Cyril Jenkins. Why not call the event a Jenkins Festival?

## Music in the Provinces

**BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT.**—Showing a marked advance in tonal balance and ensemble, the City of Birmingham Orchestra gave its first Symphony Concert of the season on October 10, under the conductorship of Mr. Appleby Matthews. The principal feature was Schubert's Symphony in C major, which, it is said, had not been performed at Birmingham for twenty years. It was given in its entirety, Mr. Matthews adopting a bold treatment of its rhythmic features, which prevented the almost too continuous beauty of sound from cloying. In Beethoven's G major Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra Mr. Frederick Dawson was a poetic and technically facile soloist.—For its first Sunday concert the orchestra had an overflowing audience. The Symphony of the evening—Mendelssohn's *Italian*—did not revive old enthusiasms, though it was well given. In Mozart's *Non temer*, and in two songs by Martin Shaw, Miss Emily Broughton sang attractively.—Miss Broughton was also the recitalist at one of Miss Sotham's Mid-day Concerts, which seem to be an established institution. She sang among other selections Bach's *Comfort sweet*, Handel's *Care Selva*, and an Aria from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. These revealed a steadily perfecting technique and a wide interpretative range.—Miss Beatrice Hewitt has been compelled to resign her place in the Pianoforte Quartet bearing her name. In her stead Mr. Charles Kelly, a well-known Manchester pianist, has been enlisted, and the new combination is styled the Philharmonic Pianoforte Quartet. At another concert in the Mid-day series these players gave interesting performances of Brahms's Pianoforte Quartet in C and an *Andante* from a Beethoven Quartet.—On October 1 the Misses Stromberg and Clement gave a recital of pieces for two pianofortes, with Mr. Leslie Bennett as vocalist.—At the first Catterall Quartet concert of the season greatly admired performances of Mozart's G major Quartet and Ravel's Quartet were given; the concert concluded with the first *Rasoumovsky* Quartet of Beethoven.—Under the auspices of the New Concerts Society, the English Trio was heard, on October 8, in works by Tánéiev and Sinding. With Mr. Wilfred Ridgway at the pianoforte, Mr. Frederick Bye played Debussy's Violin Sonata, and Mr. Geoffrey Dams, accompanied by Mr. Nigel Dallaway, included in his songs the first five of the *Magelone Romances* of Brahms.—Pianoforte recitals have been given by Mark Hambourg and Miss Irene Scharrer, the latter concentrating

on Chopin.—Kreisler's appearance at the first 'celebrity' concert of the season drew a large attendance to the Town Hall on October 11.—At a concert by the Band of the 5th and 6th Battalions Warwickshire Regiment, Miss Dorothy Howell and Miss Winifred Small were heard in pieces of their own, as well as in other works for pianoforte and violin.—A fortnight's visit of the British National Opera Company proved so successful that a three weeks' season is to be given next autumn. The season included the first provincial performances of Holst's *Sarastro* and *The Perfect Fool*. Its features were the fine audiences drawn by these works and the comparative indifference of Birmingham to the more hackneyed operas.—A performance of Haydn's *Creation* by the Birmingham Choral Union on the evening of Saturday, October 13, followed curiously on the production of Shaw's *In the Beginning*—the prelude to the *Back to Methuselah* cycle—at the Repertory Theatre in the afternoon.—Through pressure of other musical activities, Mr. Richard Wassell, the Union's conductor, has resigned his appointment after twelve years work.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**—The Symphony concerts opened under Sir Dan Godfrey on October 11 with the *Unfinished* Symphony and Delius's *North Country Sketches* in the programme. The season's musical list promises to beat all records outside London, and compares with a 'Promenade' prospectus. The musical range is much the same, and the attention to novelties is as thorough.

**BRADFORD.**—At the meeting of the Bradford Gramophone Society, on September 26, a recital of records by Mr. William Murdoch, Dame Clara Butt, Mr. Frank Mullings, Miss Elsa Stralia, and Mr. Josef Hofmann, was given on the 'Clitophone.'—The Chamber Concert at the Mechanics' Institute, on September 27, was sustained by the Yorkshire String Quartet, a newly-formed body led by Mr. Bensley Ghent. Mozart's Quartet in F (Köchel 590), Brahms's second Quartet in A minor, and a Borodin Nocturne were played. Miss Annie Cockcroft and Miss Dorothy Parkinson joined in three Purcell duets, and each contributed series of songs.—At his organ recital at Lidgate Green (St. Wilfrid's), Dr. Frank A. Chapple (Pontefract Parish Church) was assisted by a Jugo-Slavian violinist, Capt. M. J. Kovatchevitch, of Belgrade, now Serbian War Office Delegate in London.—A song recital of remarkable scope was given on October 1 at the Mechanics' Institute by Mr. John Coates, who sang thirty-two singularly pleasing items.—Mark Hambourg's pianoforte recital, on October 10, included a Chopin group, some Debussy, and a number of other pieces.—On October 12, the fifty-ninth season of the Bradford Subscription Concerts opened with Mr. Harold Samuel and Miss Olga Haley. The concert included Bach's Partita in C minor, the Beethoven (Op. 27) Sonata, and numerous songs from Coleridge-Taylor, Schubert, Schumann, and Richard Strauss, besides folk-songs of Canada, France, Hungary, and the Hebrides.

**BRIGHOUSE.**—At St. Paul's School, the local Orchestral Society gave a concert on October 6, under the conductorship of Mr. Hanson Haley. The soloists were Miss Maude Thornton (soprano) and Mr. Dennis Butterworth (tenor).

**BRISTOL.**—The West of England Musical Education Association opened its winter session on September 20. Miss Nellie Holland lectured on 'British Educational Music,' and played pianoforte music by Dunhill, Matthay, Sybil Fountain, Christopher John, Ruby Holland, Lilian Smith, Eva Pam, Waddington Cooke, Felix Swinstead, Harold Craxton, and John Livens. A Sonata for violin and pianoforte in F minor by John B. McEwen was played by Miss Small and Miss Porth.

**CARDIFF.**—At the Capitol concert on October 14, the orchestra played the *Unfinished* Symphony, and Miss Lilian Davies was the singer.—On October 15, the series of chamber music concerts opened with a Bach recital by Mr. Harold Samuel.

**EDINBURGH.**—At Mr. Lumsden's concert, on October 13, the vocalists were Miss Florence Austral, Miss Phyllis Archibald, and Mr. Norman Allin, and Mr. George Short was at the pianoforte.

**EASTBOURNE.**—A splendid musical programme has been set on foot at Devonshire Park. Five concerts a week are to be given throughout the winter, including one Symphony concert and one Sunday concert. Mr. Henry G. Amers is the musical director. A Festival is to be held on November 8-18, with well-known soloists and with Sir Henry Wood, Sir Edward Elgar, Dame Ethel Smyth, Mr. Granville Bantock, Mr. Gustav Holst and other conductors.

**EXETER.**—The opening concert of the Chamber Music Club season, on October 3, was provided by the Kendal String Quartet, who played Quartets by Schubert (D minor), Beethoven (F minor, Op. 95), Arnold Bax (G major), and McEwen (*Biscay*).—At the ordinary meeting of the Club on October 17, the programme included Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins and pianoforte, Beethoven's Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 16, vocal Quartets by Parry, and Dr. H. J. Edwards played pianoforte music.—The new Civic Hall will serve a good purpose if it continues to attract touring artists as it is already doing, but the advantage would be much greater if these artists would give better programmes. At recitals given by Zacharewitsch on October 1, and Cortot on October 5, the music played was hackneyed, and in some instances not worthy of audience or performer.

**HARROGATE.**—M. Sapellnikoff gave a Chopin-Liszt pianoforte recital at the Royal Hall, on September 16, his programme including the *Funeral March* Sonata.—Berlioz's seldom-heard *Waterley* Overture, Brahms's third Symphony, and McEwen's *Grey Galloway* were prominent features of the Symphony Concert on September 20.—The afternoon and evening concerts on September 27 were complimentary to Mr. Howard Carr, and his *Orchestral March* (from *The Carnival of the Elements*) was played. A Purcell Suite, the Grétry-Mottl Gigue, Martin Shaw's *Cocky Bird* Overture, Norman O'Neill's Prelude from *Mary Rose*, Ravel's *Beauty and the Beast*, and part of Berlioz's *Fantastic Symphony* figured in a highly diversified programme. At the evening concert Mr. Howard Fry gave the first performance of Mr. Harry Gill's *A Yorkshire Song* (the winning piece of the *Yorkshire Evening Post* competition).—Schumann's fourth Symphony was finely conducted on September 27 by Mr. Howard Carr. In lighter vein was Haydn Wood's *Variations on a Popular Tune*.—The Symphony Concert on October 11 was the occasion of a fine reading, by Mr. Carr, of Cherubini's *Water Carrier* Overture, Wagner's 'Dreams' (*Tristan*), and the graceful 'Dance of Nymphs and Reapers' from Sullivan's *Tempest* music—all new to Harrogate. This concert concluded a season that has been distinguished for the excellence of its programmes, the number and distinction of the visiting soloists, and the great amount of music that, thanks to Mr. Howard Carr's enterprise, has been added to the already extensive Harrogate repertoire.

**HERDEN BRIDGE.**—The concert season in this district opened on October 7, when the Todmorden Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Arthur Greenwood, gave a varied programme. Mr. W. Victor Helliwell, of Leeds, was the bass vocalist, and Miss T. Moden contributed violin solos.

**HUDDERSFIELD.**—Madame Suggia, with Mr. Willis at the pianoforte, gave a violoncello recital at the Huddersfield Music Club on October 10, when her programme included Brahms's E minor Sonata and Bach's unaccompanied Suite in C.

**HULL.**—The 'international celebrity' concerts for this season opened in the City Hall on October 8, when the Hallé Orchestra, under Mr. Hamilton Harty, played Tchaikovsky's Symphony in F minor, Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* Overture, Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*, and a Symphonic Entr'acte by Berlioz.

**IPSWICH.**—The first of the season's municipal concerts occurred on October 10, when the Ipswich Male-Voice Choir, under Mr. J. Job, gave a number of part-songs and joined Mr. Charles Knowles in Stanford's *Songs of the Sea*. Organ solos were played by Mr. Percy Hallam. A word of praise is due to the writer of the short and useful programme notes.

**LEEDS.**—The British National Opera Company was at Leeds during the first week in October.—The winter series of mid-day recitals in Holy Trinity Church, Boar

Lane, was resumed on October 2; classical movements were played by the Edward Maude String Quartet.—The Leeds Saturday Orchestral Concerts re-opened brilliantly on October 13, when Mr. Julius Harrison conducted Beethoven's fifth Symphony, *The Mastersingers* Overture, Elgar's *Enigma* Variations, *Finlandia*, and—for the first time at Leeds—Hamilton Harty's Suite from Handel's *Water Music*. The Leeds Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Edward Maude, played with great spirit.

**LIVERPOOL.**—Giving a sonata recital at Crane Hall, on October 1, Miss Isabel McCullagh and Dr. J. E. Wallace played Pizzetti's Sonata, Mozart's No. 17, and a Schubert Fantasia.—On October 5, at the inaugural meeting of the thirty-ninth session of the Welsh National Society, Mr. E. T. Davies, Director of Music at University College, Bangor, spoke on 'Musical Appreciation.' The Bangor University Instrumental Trio played three *Welsh Miniatures*, composed by the lecturer, and a *Scherzo* by Hubert Davies.—Miss Eveline Stevenson and Mr. Denbigh Edwards were the singers, and Miss Annie Longworth was the pianist, at the Crane Hall recital on October 10.—At the Rodewald concert, on October 15, the Quartet of Ravel and Brahms's Quartet in A minor were performed.

**MANCHESTER.**—The sixty-sixth Hallé season promises a full share of work calculated to maintain its traditions. The choral items include Bach's *B minor Mass*; Brahms's *Requiem*; Bantock's *Omar Khayyâm*; Hamilton Harty's *Mystic Trumpeter*; Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*; Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*. Beecham conducts, on November 15, the first British performance of Strauss's *Alpine Symphony*; *Don Juan*, *Heldenleben*, and *Don Quixote* are also to be given, Casals playing in the latter on December 6. On December 13 Berlioz's *Symphonic Funèbre et Triomphale* for orchestra and full military orchestra is to be introduced to this country for the first time—Hamilton Harty being determined to continue the Berlioz tradition associated with these concerts since the early days of their founder. Incidentally *The Messiah* will be sung for the hundredth time at these concerts on December 20, and each programme is to contain a vocal score! Following his transcription of the *Water Music*, Hamilton Harty has re-scored Handel's *Music for the Royal Fireworks*, written in 1749 in commemoration of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle—nobody thought such procedure worth while after Versailles, 1919! The first performances at Manchester promised, are: Adagio for strings and harp, Mahler: *Sea Symphony*, Vaughan Williams; *Dance in the Place Congo*, Henry Gilbert; *Alpine Symphony*, Strauss; *Hymn of Jesus*, Holst; *Beni-Mora* Suite, Holst; *Symphonic Funèbre et Triomphale*, Berlioz; *La jolie Fille de Perth* (a newly-arranged Suite), Bizet; *Rhapsody*, Moeran; Overture in D, Handel-Elgar; *Echo Nocturne*, for four orchestras, Mozart; *Garden of Fand*, Arnold Bax; Trumpet Voluntary, Purcell-Wood. The Brand Lane series follows its usual generous lines, Sir Henry Wood doing the bulk of the conducting. In his absence Beecham and Weingartner are each to conduct one concert. The Hallé and Brand Lane series conspire to give Manchester the opportunity to hear all the big soloists of the day. In Chamber Music there are four series, promoted by: (1.) The Bowdon Chamber Concerts Society; (2.) The Catterall Quartet (six concerts); (3.) Hamilton Harty Series (seven concerts); (4.) Edward Isaacs (six concerts). The Bowdon and Isaacs groups draw mainly on famous bodies of visiting players; the Harty series employs purely Manchester groups of players; the Catterall players call in occasional pianists, and, in the Brahms Sextet in B flat, extra strings. The Tuesday Mid-day series promises even more propagandist effort in the cause of chamber music; Messrs. Cohn, Forbes, Gregory, Merrick, and Isaacs are to give ten recitals of the Beethoven Pianoforte Sonatas, and quartets and trios are to form the staple diet at the other eleven concerts. The alimentary simile is used advisedly, as these concerts are held in the lunch-hour. The season will open and close with three weeks of British National Opera, and so holds promise of greater sustained interest than any previous winter.

**NORWICH.**—The Municipal Orchestra opened its season at St. Andrew's Hall on October 6 under Mr. Maddern



Williams with a programme that included the first movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony, pianoforte playing by Miss Adela Verne, and singing by Miss Frances Day and Mr. Charles Knowles.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Roland Hayes, assisted by Mr. Douglas Durston, gave a song recital on September 15, including some Japanese songs and several negro spirituals. Mr. Durston played the *Waldstein* Sonata.—The Orpheus Society, formed last season by the addition of a female section to the original Orpheus Male Choir, performed *The Dream of Gerontius* on September 22. Mr. David Parkes conducted, and band and choir numbered three hundred and fifty. The performance was of high standard, choir and orchestra—the latter largely local—being unusually well-prepared. The solo singers were Miss Mary Foster, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Harold Williams.—In connection with the Church Congress, Dr. Harold Lake arranged several chamber concerts which included Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, Dr. Lake playing the orchestral parts on the organ.

SCARBOROUGH.—The Scarborough Philharmonic Society is to give Gounod's *Faust*, on the Spa, with the Hallé Orchestra, and Miss Sarah Fischer, Mr. Webster Millar, and Mr. Norman Allin have been engaged as principals. Dr. Ely will again be the conductor.

SHEFFIELD.—The Hallé Orchestra, under Mr. Hamilton Harty, appeared (on October 2) at the 'international celebrity' concert in Victoria Hall. Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony was preceded by orchestral works of Wagner, Berlioz, and Richard Strauss.—The Thurlstone Musical Festival Committee has granted twenty guineas to Sheffield Royal Infirmary and £5 to the Royal Hospital.—Miss Beatrice Beard lectured on modern composers on October 9, her discourse being illustrated by a recital of songs and pieces for flute, violoncello, pianoforte, &c.—The first of four Stocksbridge Subscription Concerts was held at the Victory Club on October 9, when a general choral and vocal programme was submitted.

TAVISTOCK.—A chamber concert given on October 3 by Mr. George East (Tavistock), Mr. Douglas Durston, Miss Phoebe Cooke, and Miss Mabel Grose (Plymouth), included Pianoforte Trios by Godard and Tchaikovsky, Brahms's Violoncello Sonata in G minor, and a Violin Sonata in D minor by Coleridge-Taylor.

WAKEFIELD.—Sir Henry Hadow lectured on 'William Byrd,' on October 5, before the city branch of the British Music Society. The High School choir sang the anthem *Look down, O Lord*, and the Fantasia for strings was played.—A new series of Wakefield Musical Evenings opened on October 12, with a chamber recital by Mr. Albert Sammons (violin), Mr. Cedric Sharpe ('cello), and Mr. William Murdoch (pianoforte), who were heard in Schubert's Trio in B flat, Op. 99, Brahms's Op. 87, and duets by Grieg and César Franck.

YORK.—At the opening concert of the British Music Society's season on October 3, the York Male-Voice Choir was associated with Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Dorothy Hess. Sir Charles Stanford was the visitor, and gave interesting recollections of his early connection with York music. The programme included choral works by Stanford, J. F. Bridge, Wood, Parry, and Granville Bantock. Mr. H. S. Wilkinson conducted, and Mr. Samuel Liddle was at the pianoforte.

#### IRELAND

From September 18 to 22, Belfast enjoyed a musical play, *The Little Duchess*, music by G. H. Clusam, the cast including Miss Rhys-Parker and Mr. Leslie Jones.

The Glasgow Orpheus Choir, under Mr. Hugh S. Robertson, gave two delightful performances at Belfast (Ulster Hall), on September 22 and 24; the Choir also gave a performance at Dublin (La Scala Theatre), on September 23. Mr. Robertson announced that the three concerts were for Art's sake, not for money-making. Happy man!

On September 30, at La Scala Theatre, Dublin, an afternoon concert was given by Mr. Russel Owen, Miss Elsie Saunders, Mr. Platenj Worth, and Mr. Arthur

Tomlin (humorist). The afternoon concert, on October 7, was orchestral (conductor, Mr. John Moody), with vocal selections by Mr. Norman Allin and Miss May Huxley.

Admirable performances of *The Pirates of Penzance* were given at Belfast (Queen's Hall) by the Queen's Island Amateurs, under the direction of Capt. C. J. Brennan, during the week October 1-6. Two different casts took part, thus affording ample testimony of the undoubted talent in this Ulster association.

Mr. Walter Rummel, the distinguished pianist, gave recitals at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on October 6, and the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on October 10. He was alike convincing in Bach, Liszt, and Chopin. Although he had a packed house at Belfast, the Dublin audience was small.

Sir Richard Terry gave an interesting lecture on 'William Byrd' at the third annual meeting of the Belfast branch of the British Music Society, on October 9, at the V.M.C.A. Hall, Wellington Place. Mr. Richmond Noble presided, and there was a large attendance. Selections from Byrd's works were provided by St. Jude's Church choir, under Mr. John Vine.

At the annual meeting of the Coleraine Musical Festival, on October 9, Sir Ivor Atkins was selected as adjudicator for next season's Festival, in May, 1924.

Mr. Lauritz Melchior, Miss Dorothy Clarke, and Mr. T. C. Earls were the attractions at the Sunday afternoon concert at La Scala Theatre, Dublin, on October 14, the Symphony Orchestra being under the direction of Mr. John Moody.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened a three weeks' season with *Aida*, at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, on October 15, with Mr. Hubert Bath as conductor.

Chevalier Grattan Flood, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Co. Wexford.

It is interesting to record that Sir Richard Terry has taken an Irish residence in the Free State.

## Musical Notes from Abroad

### AMSTERDAM

The first two subscription concerts of the Concertgebouw gave us Schubert's Symphony No. 1, Pich-Mangiagalli's *Sortilegi*, Till Eulenspiegel, Haydn's Military Symphony, and Franck's Symphony. Dr. Karl Muck conducted in the absence of Mengelberg, whose malady in his right arm seems to baffle medical science. Max Fiedler conducted a mediocre concert on October 7, when Joseph Schwarz, the Russian baritone, sang operatic pieces. A more satisfying programme was presented on October 11, under Bruno Walter. He gave a great performance of Mahler's first Symphony, and admirably accompanied Walter Giesecking in the new Pianoforte Concerto of Pfitzner.

A few days previously Giesecking had afforded signal proof of his qualities in a Beethoven recital with Madame Melanie Michaelis, the violinist. Recitals have been given by Hellmut Baerwald, Irene Scharrer, and the American violoncello prodigy, Mildred Welleron.

A series of concerts given in various towns of Holland by the famous choir of the Dresden Kreuzkirche, conducted by Prof. Otto Richter, was successful everywhere, musically and financially. The organist Pfannstiel, and the violoncellist Bottermund, both of Dresden, added to the scope and to the interest of the scheme.

Last, but not least, I have the agreeable task of recording the musical victory gained by the 'English Singers,' who, with their highly-finished singing of Old English motets and madrigals, astonished that part of the audience which was still ignorant of English Tudor music. No less great was the hit secured with two sets of folk-songs arranged by Dr. Vaughan Williams.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of M. G. Koopman, the National Opera is enabled to embark upon a new season. It will depend on the financial results whether this venture, which has to be limited to only five months, can be extended over a longer period.

W. HARMANS.



## GERMANY

## COMMOTION AMONG OPERA CONDUCTORS

At a time when everything is changing, even the opera-conductor cannot remain what he was. Never has there been so much movement among conductors as at present. Is it the critical state of German opera which instils in each of them a feeling of uneasiness? Take, for instance, the Berlin State Opera. Leo Blech, just returned from the United States—where, as a conductor of Wagner opera, he had been very successful—decided to leave the State institution, having been offered a far larger salary by the Deutsches Opernhaus. At once there arose a great disturbance among conductors, and changes in the operatic life of Berlin. How was Blech to be replaced? Of course, Dr. Fritz Stiedry, a young and gifted exponent, who had hitherto been Blech's colleague, hoped to become his successor. But Max von Schillings, general-director of the State Opera, feeling that during the last season his position was becoming more and more undermined, wished to fill the vacancy with a partisan of his own, and appointed Erich Kleiber—who is only forty years old!—as general musical director. (At the present time such a title seems rather ridiculous, but in this case it means much more than is usually the case, and confers on its bearer full power over the repertory.) A consequent dispute between Stiedry and Schillings has aroused much interest, since the whole question is intimately connected with the position of general-director, which many people hoped would fall to Bruno Walter, once general musical director of the Munich Opera.

## OPERA

Russian opera has been represented by Rimsky-Korsakov's *Snowflakes*, which had its first German performance at the Berlin Volksoper. More lyric than dramatic in character, it proved not very much to the taste of the public just now, when we are in the midst of a highly revolutionary period. Never was a time more critical for art and artistic life than the present.

## GREAT SINGERS AND PLAYERS TAKING LEAVE

This is the moment when some great and less great artists are giving farewell concerts before departing to America and elsewhere. Claire Dux, Joseph Schwarz, and Alexander Kipnis have already left. Among singers Madame Cahier never fails to make a deep impression upon her hearers by reason of the sheer depth and greatness of her art. On the stage of the Deutsches Opernhaus, as well as in the concert-hall, she indeed represents the ideal of German musical culture. Mattia Battistini, the master of them all, far from leaving Europe, has, however, just finished a highly successful tour through Germany, and at Berlin, in spite of—or perhaps because of—the present confusion, attracted a public whose enthusiasm exceeded all bounds. Sound, pure sound, is what most people actually demand; they do not want to think of reality, but to be distracted from it. So they flowed to these concerts, which appealed alike to ear and eye.

Among instrumentalists Carl Flesch, the distinguished violinist and teacher, also gave his only concert on the eve of his departure for America. He was heard in wonderful performances of Brahms's Concerto and of Joseph Suk's entertaining *Fantasia* for violin and orchestra.

Carl Friedberg, that most simple, natural, musical, and always effective pianist, was never more applauded than at his farewell concert, when he gave proof of such great qualities in Chopin, the most maltreated of composers. Friedberg never changes nor underlines. He contents himself with interpreting even Chopin in the most delicate way, and in the style of the great master.

Claudio Arrau, last but not least in this array of artists, is not nor does he aspire to be a virtuoso. His farewell programme drew an enthusiastic audience that appreciated not only the regular items, but found delight in some symphonic pianoforte music by Heinrich Knödt. This was, however, of scientific rather than artistic interest.

## A WANDERING CHOIR

Not only artists, but choirs, however poor their efforts may be, are just now wandering about Germany. The

St. Michael Choir, of Hamburg, has come to Berlin, conducted by Alfred Sittard, the well-known organist. The effect of the music sung was diminished owing to the obviously untrained quality of the vocal ensemble. Sittard himself, as organist and conductor, proved equal to his reputation.

ADOLF WEISSMANN.

## NEW YORK

The opening of the serious musical season of New York is not at New York! It is up in the Berkshire hills, where Mrs. Coolidge's annual Festival collects the best chamber music, the best performers, and the best quality of listeners—including the foremost New York critics—that could possibly be brought together.

This is the sixth season of these Fall Festivals given by Mrs. Coolidge at her residence at Pittsfield, Mass. All are invitation affairs, the hostess assuming the expenses of the performers and the listeners being her guests. So much has the popularity of these concerts increased that the little 'temple of music' on South Mountain will no longer hold all whom Mrs. Coolidge wishes to invite or those who desire to attend, and a long waiting-list is increasing each year.

For the previous five seasons well-known chamber music organizations from all parts of the world have played the various old and new compositions presented, but this year a new quartet has been formed by Willem Willecke, called 'The Festival Quartet of South Mountain.' The names of the players are not, however, so well known as that of the founder, but as their summer has been spent on the spot practising for this Festival, and as the results of their work have been so favourably received, William Kroll (first violin), Karl Krauter (second violin), and Edward Kreiner (viola) may yet be as famous as the violoncellist.

The other combination participating in the performances needs no Press announcement and no individual or collective praise, for the London String Quartet has firmly established itself in the hearts of music-lovers, and was warmly welcomed as a group of old friends. A special greeting was accorded James Levey, who reappeared as leader after a year's illness.

Prominent among the soloists were Myra Hess and Katherine Goodson (pianists); Albert Spalding and Edouard Dethier (violinists); Mabel Garrison, Elena Gerhardt, and George Meader (vocalists).

No prizes were offered for new compositions, but some works were commissioned by Mrs. Coolidge, and others had their first hearing in America. The most notable novelty was a Quartet, Op. 10, by the young German, Paul Hindemith. While quite distinctly a modern composition, it proved to be astonishingly grateful to the ears, and furthers our hopes that the Paris 'Six' have not set the pace for all the young aspirants for fame. Hindemith shows originality also, and America shares Germany's confidence in the future of this young melodist, who seemingly understands how to mix new wine with old.

Eugene Goossens presented a new Sextet for three violins, viola, and two violoncellos, which had been commissioned by Mrs. Coolidge and is dedicated to her. It is in one movement, and is a good example of this well-known composer's art, sometimes interesting us very much and sometimes setting us wondering whether our grandchildren would understand it better, or if it would suffer death before our grandchildren were born. A Rhapsody by Rebecca Clarke, for pianoforte and violoncello, also commissioned by Mrs. Coolidge, was hardly equal to some of this composer's best work. A Ballade for string quartet, by Malipiero, completed the list of novelties.

A Sextet by Frank Bridge, written some time ago, was very pleasing, another proof that the ultra-moderns cannot make music-lovers believe that only discords are worth listening to.

From the works of the older composers, the Brahms Sonata, Op. 120, No. 1, for pianoforte and viola, played by Myra Hess and Lionel Tertis, calls for most commendation. It was a remarkable performance, Miss Hess and Mr. Tertis sharing equally the well-deserved appreciation of the audience.

The vocalists had an afternoon to themselves, singing songs by Schumann, Cornelius, Schubert, and Brahms, Mrs. Coolidge herself assisting at the pianoforte.

This annual Festival has come to be the prelude to the regular New York season, which soon after bursts into a flood of orchestral concerts and numberless recitals. Already for the opening month in New York City, four orchestras have dates announced, and over eighty recitals are scheduled. In the first week of recitals such names as Zimbalist, Chaliapin, Schumann-Heink, and Pachmann appear—the last-named playing in New York for the first time in eleven years.

M. H. FLINT.

## TORONTO

The Pageant Chorus of the Canadian National Exhibition, under the conductorship of Dr. H. A. Fricker, increased its membership this year from 1,600 to 2,300. Two concerts were given in the Coliseum and two before the Grand Stand, the combined audiences numbering over eighty thousand people. Two hundred church choirs and fifty choral societies were represented. The following programme was chosen: *Creation's Hymn* (Beethoven); 'And the glory' (from *The Messiah*); *Holy art Thou* (Handel); 'The heavens are telling' (from *The Creation*); *Sweet and low* (Barnby); *Drink to me only with thine eyes*; *The Keeper*; *Love's Benediction* (Irish folk-song); *John Peel* (for male voices); *Rule, Britannia*; Introduction to Act 3 and *Bridal Chorus* from *Lohengrin*; *March, Chorus, and Finale* from *Tannhäuser*. The Queen's Own Band co-operated with the chorus under the direction of Capt. R. B. Hayward.

The Annual Musical Competitions at the Exhibition were even more surprisingly successful than last year. The entries numbered two hundred and thirty-seven against a hundred and seventy-four in 1922, and were divided among band, piano-forte, violin, vocal, and instrumental contests. A Ukrainian Chorus, the famous Mexican Band (Capt. Ramon Hernandez), the Cuban Band, Negro Singers, Kiwanis Gypsies, the Polish Choir, and Old English Folk- and Country-Dances featured largely in the musical activities. The De Feo Grand Opera Company produced *Il Trovatore*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Pagliacci*, *Rigolletto*, *Carmen*, *Martha*, and *Hansel and Gretel*.

More numerous than ever are the announcements for the season 1923-24 at Massey Hall. Twenty concerts have been arranged with the New Symphony Orchestra (Luigi von Kunitz), the visiting bodies being the Boston Symphony, New York Symphony, and Philadelphia Orchestras. The following solo artists have been booked: Melba, Clara Butt, Freida Hempel, Schumann-Heink, Mary Garden, Sophie Breslau, Chaliapin, Martinelli, Tito Schipa, Edward Johnson, Rosing, De Pachmann, Paderewski, Rachmaninov, Hofmann, Lhevinne, Mischa Elman, and Kreisler. The Mendelssohn Choir, National Chorus, and Chamber Music Society programmes are announced. The latter is bringing the London String and Flonzaley Quartets.

H. C. F.

## VIENNA

The startling feature of the new musical season is the invasion of the German musical element. The catastrophe of the German currency, with its inevitable economic breakdown, is quite naturally expelling hundreds of musicians of lesser or higher qualities into the neighbouring Austrian Republic. Our concert-halls are flooded with German artists, and German instructors of music are crowding into the city. Their hopes of profit are bound to be disappointed, for they are but adding to a supply which is already greater than the demand. No less than two hundred symphonic concerts, to quote one instance, are scheduled for the first half of the season, and now that another beautiful hall of the former Imperial castle has been opened for musical entertainments, we may anticipate an average of eleven concerts for every night of the season. Such feverish concert activity, which is more than the public can support, merely sets up indifference towards the cause of music. Meanwhile the newcomers are streaming in, among them men of renown such as Erich Kleiber (by the way, he is a native of Vienna), who has recently achieved prominence as a conductor at the Berlin Opera, and Hans Knappertsbusch, director of the Munich Opera. Each will devote a considerable portion of his time to Vienna activities. Knappertsbusch—with Clemens Krauss,

Leopold Reichwein, and Bruno Walter—has inherited the Vienna duties of Wilhelm Furtwängler (who will limit his Vienna appearances to a still smaller number this year), with the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and Tonkünstler concerts. The Philharmonic Orchestra, whose second South American tour was a signal failure, besides causing the death of four of its most famous members, will produce but one novelty this year (Julius Bittner's maiden Symphony), under Weingartner. For the first time in years, the chorus of the Staatsoper will give a series of concerts under Schalk and Strauss. A season of promenade concerts on English lines is promised, also a Smetana centenary festival, a Bruckner centenary festival, and a Tchaikovsky festival, to be conducted by Dr. S. Rumschisky, of London, in commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of the composer's death.

HANS PFITZNER

A week of Pfitzner's music celebrated the visit to Vienna of this much-discussed and highly-problematic German composer. Opinions clash as to the true value and significance of his life-work, and the various works performed—among them the new Piano-forte Concerto, several orchestral and piano-forte songs, the *Romantic Cantata*, and the opera *Palestrina*—served little to dispel such uncertainty of judgment. It is extremely difficult to find the formula for this deeply idealistic artist, who set out to combat the towering influence of Wagnerism by means of a renaissance of the romantic school, who built his own ideal world with a cumbersome diligence so truly Teutonic, one day to find it shattered by grim reality, and who even now, amid disillusionment and suffering, seeks consolation in a romantic past. Having outlived his programme, and, indeed, himself, he clings to his obsolete ideals with the determination of a self-chosen martyr. Thus his music, rooted in a mentality which is no longer that of his fellow-men, fails to grasp the spirit of our time with its utterly changed and infinitely more complicated aspects. The Piano-forte Concerto, new to Vienna, is happiest in its last movement, so palpably influenced by Schumann. The first movement is weak, and the Mendelssohnian *Scherzo* all too uniform in its rhythm. Pfitzner's lyric disposition is probably best suited by the small song form. His songs are, for the most, melodically attractive, but the simple and monotonous accompaniments render them tiring in the long run. Along with the majority of Pfitzner's work, they reveal the pensiveness of a noble mind, while disclosing the discrepancy between his ideas and the inability to materialise them. Whatever red blood pulsates in Pfitzner's music is found in his patriotic, indeed national songs, which, however, almost touch the border of Männergesangsverein music. They have made him the hero of the Pan-Germans, to whom, however, he is more of a political figure than an artistic issue. It was all the more surprising, therefore, to find that Pfitzner's political companions were virtually absent from his own concerts, as well as from the two performances of his Cantata, *Von deutscher Seele*. These were, as last year, directed by Furtwängler.

## OTHER CONCERTS

The Pan-German element was also poorly represented at two other concerts, when a humiliatingly small audience assembled to hear the celebrated choir of Berlin Cathedral. Conducted by its director, Prof. Hugo Ridel, this organisation of fourteen men and thirty-six boys sang gems of a *capella* literature ranging from Palestrina to Brahms, in a manner which compelled deep admiration. The balance of the vocal tone is flawless, and the quality of the boys' voices could scarcely be surpassed. Comparison was provoked by the visit, within the same week, of the choir from the Sistina at Rome. The work of these singers was undoubtedly of a high standard, but not to be compared to that of the Berlin choir. By extensive advance advertising, along with the support of the Catholic clergy and the sensational flavour of the enterprise, the Italians drew crowded houses and enthusiastic applause.

New compositions have so far been scarce this season. Theodore Spiering—an American conductor and at one time assistant of Mahler at New York—in the course of his creditable orchestral début at Vienna, introduced as a novelty, a 'Song-Scene' for soprano voice and orchestra.

entitled *Vor einem Bilde*, by Albert Noelte, the Munich composer-critic. It is a well-worked and brilliantly orchestrated piece employing the Wagnerian idiom and orchestra. Of artists new to Vienna, Amalie Merz-Tunner, a soprano from Munich, made an excellent impression as soloist with various choral performances, but less so in her own song recital. The art of Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, was even more appreciated this season than last year. Increasing familiarity with his work has proved him to be not a mere curiosity, but a serious and legitimate artist of the highest order.

#### OPERATIC EVENTS—ARTISTIC AND OTHERWISE

At the Volksoper *Louise* served to introduce a Rumanian tenor with a remarkably beautiful voice, but innocent of the most primitive stage routine—Trajan Grosavescu. The Staatsoper has only recently resumed its regular work, following the return of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

The latent crisis of our National Opera, to which reference has repeatedly been made in this column, has finally led to an open scandal. Carl Lion, the omnipotent official of the Staatsoper, has been dismissed, following the sensational disclosures made against him in Parliament and Press. It appears that Lion has been misusing his official position to exact heavy personal payments from various artists and theatrical agencies. The expensive and inartistic 'guest' system, of which I have often complained, and the huge deficit it helped to bring about at the Staatsoper, now find their explanation.

PAUL BECHERT.

## Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

OLIVER KING, on August 23, at the age of sixty-eight. In his day he was well-known as a pianist, conductor, and composer. He studied at Leipsic for three years, and was soon afterwards appointed pianist to Princess Louise. His duties took him to Canada, whence he visited the United States, producing a Symphony entitled *Night*, at Boston, in 1880. His Overture, *Among the Pines*, won a prize offered by the Philharmonic Society. Another award was made for a Pianoforte Concerto, which received its first performance at St. James's Hall. Mr. King composed a number of cantatas, orchestral works, organ pieces, part-songs, &c. His *Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er*; is the most popular choral setting of the well-known words. From 1893, for many years, he was a professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music.

OTTO MILANI, on September 11. His death came as a personal loss to a great number of musicians in the West of England. From 1887 to the day on which he died he held the post of music master at Blundell's School, Tiverton. His influence was chiefly exercised, however, in his violin teaching at Taunton, Exeter, and, later on, at Bristol; by his thirteen seasons of chamber concerts at Taunton; and by the example of his own vivacious playing, which was frequently to be heard in the chief musical centres of the West. He was a playing member of the Bristol Symphony Orchestra, and conducted one of its concerts, the principal work being Borodin's Symphony in B minor. He was born, in 1866, at Frankfurt. His father was Italian, his mother was French, and he married an Englishwoman. He was naturalised as an Englishman in 1912.

ARTHUR W. MOSS, at Reading, aged sixty-eight. For thirty-six years he was organist and choirmaster of Christ Church, Reading. A prominent and successful choral trainer, he gave performances, with the Reading Free Church Choral Society, of many fine works. On several occasions he conducted the massed choirs of the National Temperance Union at the Crystal Palace.

## Miscellaneous

#### MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The arrangements for the 1923-24 season at Tonbridge include a concert by the Fformby Trio (October 18), a concert by the Oriana Madrigal Society (November 27), a lecture, with illustrations, by Dr. T. Wood (February 28), and a concert by the Philharmonic String Quartet (March 7). The Musical Society gives its concert on February 12.—The B minor Mass will be sung at Oundle, on December 16.

Mr. Sterling Mackinlay will have completed at Christmas a period of twenty years as a teacher of singing. To commemorate the occasion two scholarships will be instituted at his Vocal Academy. The first, for female voices, will be named the 'Antoinette Sterling Scholarship,' in memory of his mother, and the second, for male voices, the 'Manuel Garcia Scholarship' in memory of the great teacher under whom he received four years' training. The scholarships will be competed for early in December.

Dr. Charles Harriiss is in London to call together the members of the Imperial Choir for the series of great choral concerts he will conduct in the Empire Stadium at the British Empire Exhibition next year. The chorus will number ten thousand voices, and the orchestra five hundred players. The Stadium has accommodation for a hundred and twenty-five thousand people.

The programmes of four Symphony Concerts, announced to be held at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Paris, under the direction of M. Piero Coppola, include the Bach-Elgar Fugue, and the following songs to be sung by Madame Marguerite Nielka: Felix White's *Thou hast left me ever, Jamie*, Frank Bridge's *Love went a-riding*, and Arthur Bliss's *Madame Noy*.

Original works and arrangements for military bands were heard in a recapitulatory concert at Kneller Hall on October 3, the programme including three of Holst's *The Planets*, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in C major arranged by Student D. Plater, and a Folk-Song Suite by Vaughan Williams.

The West Middlesex Musical Society will give *Hiawatha* (Parts I and 2) and orchestral works at Ealing Town Hall, on November 17, under Mr. Stanley Smallman.

Mr. Henry Franklin has been appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society of Londonderry.

## DURING THE LAST MONTH.

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## AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY

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2 Chronicles vi. 12, 18 ;

St. Luke i. 26, 27, 35 ;

St. John i. 14.

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**Moderato**

RECIT. SOPRANO  
Now Sol-o-mon the King

**Moderato**

ORGAN.  
mf *Sw.* *cres.* *f* *mf* *senza Ped.*

stood be-fore the al-tar of the Lord in the presence of all the con-gre-

ga-tion of Is-ra-el,

*cres.* *Ped.* *senza Ped.*

and spread forth his hands, and said:

*Ped.*

**Moderato**  
CHORUS

AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY

**Marcato** *mf*

Will God in ve-ry deed dwell with men on the earth? heaven and the  
 Will God in ve-ry deed dwell with men on the earth? heaven and the  
 Will God in ve-ry deed dwell with men on the earth? be-hold, be-  
 Will God in ve-ry deed dwell with men on the earth? be-

**Moderato** *p* Voices alone **Marcato** *mf* Gt. Sv. coupled  
 senza Ped.

heaven of heavens, heaven and the heaven of heavens can-not con-  
 heaven of heavens, heaven and the heaven of heavens can-not con-  
 hold, heaven and the heaven of heavens can-not, can-not con-  
 hold, heaven and the heaven of heavens can-not, can-not con-

tain Thee, . . . cannot con-tain Thee;  
 tain Thee, . . . cannot con-tain Thee; *cres.*  
 tain Thee, . . . cannot con-tain Thee;  
 tain, cannot con-tain Thee, Ch. Sv. coupled cannot con-tain Thee; *cres.*

*p* Gt. Ch. Ch. to Ped.

## AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY

*cres.* how much less, how much less this house which I have built!

*cres.* much less this house, how much less this house, this house which I... have built!

*cres.* how much less, how much, how much less this house which I have built!

*cres.* how much less al - so, how much less, how much less this house which I have built!

*p* *Solo.*

*sost.* Will God in ve-ry deed dwell with men on the earth?..

*sost.* Will God in ve-ry deed dwell with men on the earth?..

*sost.* Will God in ve-ry deed dwell with men on the earth?..

*sost.* Will God in ve-ry deed dwell with men on the earth?..

*cres.*

RECIT. SOPRANO

*mf* And it came to pass in the ful-ness of time, that the an-gel Ga-bri-el was

# AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY

sent from God un-to a ci-ty named Naz-ar-eth, to a vir-gin whose name was

*tenderly*

*p*

*senza Ped.*

Ma-ry. And the an-gel said un-to her, The

*Bass Solo*  
*mf*

*Ped.* *senza Ped.*

*solenne.*

Ho-ly Ghost shall come up-on thee, and the power of the Highest shall o-ver-shad-ow thee;

*mf Gt. Diap. 8 ft.*

*Ped.*

**Poco più mosso**

there-fore al-so that Ho-ly thing, there-fore al-so that Ho-ly thing that

**Poco più mosso**

*p Sw.*

*senza Ped.* *Ped.*

shall be born of thee, that shall be born of . . . thee, there-

*cres.*

*Ch. Sw. coupled*

(4)



# AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY

name was fore al - so that Ho - ly thing that shall be.. born of thee shall be

*cres.*

*Ch. Sw. coupled*

*senza Ped.*

*Ped.*

call - ed The Son of God.

*cres.*

*Più mosso*

*Sw.*

*senza Ped.*

*Brightly*

*cres.*

*f Gt.*

*Ped.*

**Brightly**

Thus the Word was made flesh and dwelt a - mong us, the Word was made

*f*

Thus the Word was made flesh and dwelt a - mong us, the Word was made

*f*

Thus the Word was made flesh and dwelt a - mong us, the Word was made

*f*

Thus the Word was made flesh and dwelt a - mong us, the Word was made

# AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY

dim.  
flesh and dwelt a - mong us, the Word was made flesh and . . dwelt a .  
dim.  
flesh and dwelt a - mong us, the Word was made flesh . . and . . dwelt a .  
dim.  
flesh and dwelt a - mong us, the Word was made flesh . . and . . dwelt a .  
dim.  
flesh and dwelt a - mong us, the Word was made flesh and . . dwelt a .  
dim.  
Ch. Sw. coupled Sw.

poco rit. a tempo  
- mong us,  
poco rit. a tempo  
- mong us,  
poco rit. a tempo  
- mong us, and we be - held His  
- mong us, and we be - held His glo - ry, His glo -  
poco rit. a tempo f Gt.  
senza Ped.

and we be - held His glo - ry, and  
and we be - held His glo - ry, His glo - ry, we be - held . His  
glo - ry, His glo - ry, His glo - ry, His glo - ry, be -  
- ry, His glo - ry, we be - held . His glo - ry, be - held . His  
Ped.

# AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY

Poco Allargando

we be-held His glo - ry, the glo - ry as of the on - ly be - got-ten Son of the  
glo - - - ry, the glo - ry as of the on - ly be - got-ten Son of the  
- held, be-held His glo - ry, the glo - ry as of the on - ly be - got-ten Son of the  
glo - ry, His glo - ry, the glo - ry as of the on - ly be - got-ten Son of the

Poco Allargando

*sempre cres.* *Ped.*

Fa - ther. *sempre cres.* And  
Fa - ther. *sempre cres.* And we be-held His glo - ry, His  
Fa - ther. And we be-held His glo - ry, His glo - - - ry,  
Fa - ther. *sempre cres.* And we be - held, be - held, and we be-held His  
*sempre cres.*

Poco Allargando

we be-held His glo - ry, and we be-held His glo - ry, the glo - ry as of the  
glo - - - ry, and we be-held, be-held His glo - ry, the glo - ry as of the  
and we beheld His glo - - - ry, and we beheld, be-held His glo - ry, the glo - ry as of the  
glo - ry, beheld His glo - ry, and we be-held His glo - ry, the glo - ry as of the

Poco Allargando

*f*

# AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY

*dim.* *poco rit.* **Poco meno mosso**

on - ly be - got - ten Son of the Fa - ther. Full of grace and of truth, full of

*dim.* *poco rit.* *p*

on - ly be - got - ten Son of the Fa - ther. Full of grace and of truth, full of

*dim.* *poco rit.* *p*

on - ly be - got - ten Son of the Fa - ther. Full of grace and of truth, full of

*dim.* *poco rit.* *p*

on - ly be - got - ten Son of the Fa - ther. Full of grace and of truth, full of

**Poco meno mosso**

*dim.* *poco rit.*

grace and truth. . . . .

grace and truth. . . . .

grace and truth. . . . .

grace and truth. . . . .

*Ch. 8 ft. Flute*

*Sw.* *pp* *ppp Sw.*

32 ft.

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